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THE SKETCH, APRIL 6, 1921

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Jacques Leclerc

The Sketch

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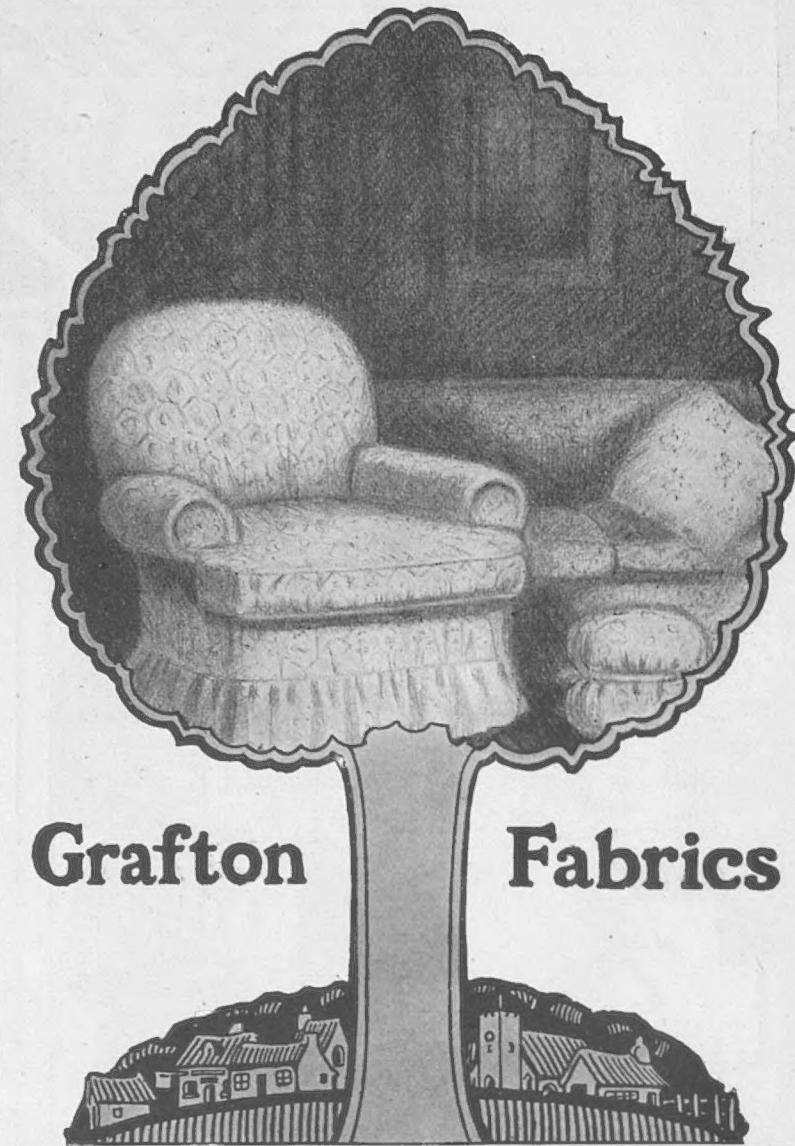
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Renew the old—Preserve the new

THE SKETCH

No. 1471—Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



CLAD IN LUMINOUS PEARLS: MLLÉ. MYRO IN HER WONDERFUL COSTUME AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

Mlle. Myro's costume of luminous pearls is one of the most marvellous stage dresses ever created by Paul Poiret, and is a feature of "Avec le Sourire," the new spectacular revue at the Casino de Paris. Before the performance the pearls, which make up the sum of the entire dress, are submitted to a strong irradiation of

light. Owing to some chemical preparation, which is kept a profound secret, they absorb and retain the light for some minutes. When Mlle. Myro suddenly emerges from complete darkness, the luminous effect produced by her effulgent pearls is wonderful and entrancing.—[Photograph by Delphi.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Daylight Losing. I am rejoiced to see that the farmers, those influential people, are making a united and well-directed kick against the so-called Daylight Saving Scheme. What might be the tennis-player's gain is the farmer's loss, and, therefore, your loss and my loss.

But the sullen refusal of the cows to yield their milk an hour earlier in accordance with Act of Parliament is not by any means the only way in which we lose by this war-time expedient. The nation, as a whole, loses sleep, more particularly the children. You must have observed on these unnaturally prolonged summer nights that the streets of our great cities are teeming with children up to ten o'clock, and even later. They will not go to sleep by daylight, even if they are put to bed, so the mothers bow to the laws of Nature, set at defiance by the State.

We lose again in the mornings. You rise from your bed and say, "What a beastly day! How dull and cold! I shall want thick clothes and an overcoat!" By twelve o'clock, State time, you are swelteringly uncomfortable, and your business or your employer suffers.

Once more we lose. The State may alter the clock, but the hour of the evening meal remains unaltered. We dine or sup when the sun is still shining gaily, which means a loss of many precious hours in a summer that is all too short at the best.

The question should be put to the test. If the great majority want the clock put forward, forward it will go. But I seldom meet anybody who prefers the new way to the old. As for the saving in electric light, which was the original motive for making the change, is there really much in it? I think you will find that the great consumers—the hotels, restaurants, and theatres—light up when their customers begin to arrive, and the customers, as I say, have not altered their habits.

And Another Thing. If the Government would like to make a great deal of money which nobody would miss, I suggest to them that they cause barriers to be erected at each end of Oxford Street, and charge twopence for admission to that extraordinarily congested thoroughfare.

The Strand used to be crowded; it is empty now in comparison with Oxford Street. Bond Street, happily, does not draw the proletariat. Piccadilly is deserted. Regent Street has still a few adherents. But the visitor to London who wants to see people *en masse*—if any visitor has such philosophical notions of amusement—should take a shove down Oxford Street.

I have often tried to solve the riddle of the attraction of Oxford Street. I am told it is the shops,

but not one person in ten gets even the merest glimpse of the shops. There are, of course, thousands of people always gazing, and gazing, and gazing into the shop windows, but millions of people must struggle along Oxford Street each day of the week.

Millions of twopences daily! In two hundred and forty days, millions of pounds, costing little or nothing to collect! I seek no personal reward for the idea; but, when it has brought the Government a hundred million pounds or so, they might be graciously pleased to abolish the Entertainment Tax. That would be one weight removed from the chest of the British Drama.



ROYAL GUESTS AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS HÉLÈNE AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.

Our photograph, which was taken outside Athens Cathedral, at the wedding of Princess Hélène of Greece and the Crown Prince of Roumania, shows Queen Marie of Roumania, Queen Sophie of Greece, Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, and her husband, the Crown Prince George of Greece.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA AND HIS BRIDE, PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF GREECE.

The marriage of Princess Hélène of Greece and the Crown Prince of Roumania took place in Athens, and was the occasion for scenes of great pomp and splendour.

Photograph by Dagfilm, Athens.

The Lure of Shops. As for those who do secure a tiny peep of the goods

displayed in shop windows, what is it that gives the thrill? The beauty and costliness of the various articles? Not at all. Put those same articles on exhibition at the British Museum, or the Tower of London, and the sightseers would be no more numerous at these national side-shows than they are to-day.

The lure of a shop, I suppose, lies in the fact that you could *buy* these goods if you had the money, or if you could afford the money, or cared to afford the money. Exhibits at a museum are never for you; exhibits in a shop window are for you if you can buy them. It is the fascination of temptation that entices the public to shop windows. They like to be tantalised. A curious trait of human nature, and one more feminine than masculine. You do not see men ogling bottles in a wine-shop, and yet the colours of the various liquids are beautiful enough, suggesting all sorts of revelries. I have seen men gazing at arrays of pipes in a tobacconist's window, but only very young men, who have not yet shaken off all their femininity. (Their ties and socks proclaim the same fact.)

But women will gaze for hours—unless they are moved on—at silks and satins, and feathers and furs, which they will never wear. The tortures of Tantalus would have brought a weird joy to the heart of Tantala.

Licensed Speech. By the way, since we are trying our best to-day to help the Government, why should not public orators be compelled to obtain a license? Oh, I would not interfere for the world with the right of free speech. No charge would be made for the license. But the police could demand a look at it every now and then, and the orator who blackguarded his own country overmuch would get his license endorsed in a police-court. Three endorsements, say, would mean a suspension of the license for six months. "Where's your license?" would be a grand back-answer.

"The Sketch" at the Household Brigade Steeplechases.



WITH MRS. BRASSEY : LORD LONDESBOURGH, WINNER OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE SELLING HURDLE RACE.

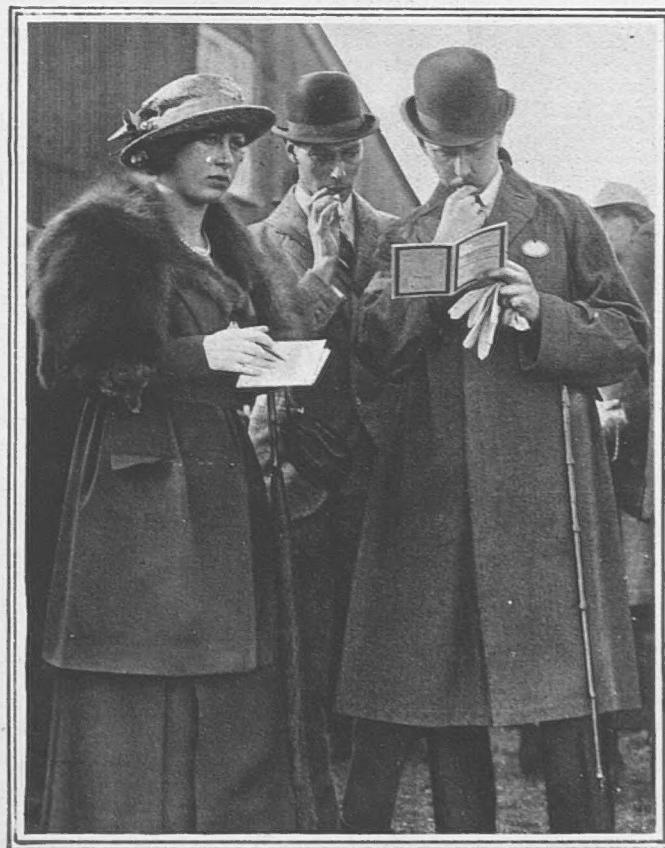


THE TWO ELDER DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL OF LOVE-LACE : LADY EVELYN GRAHAM AND LADY PHYLLIS KING.



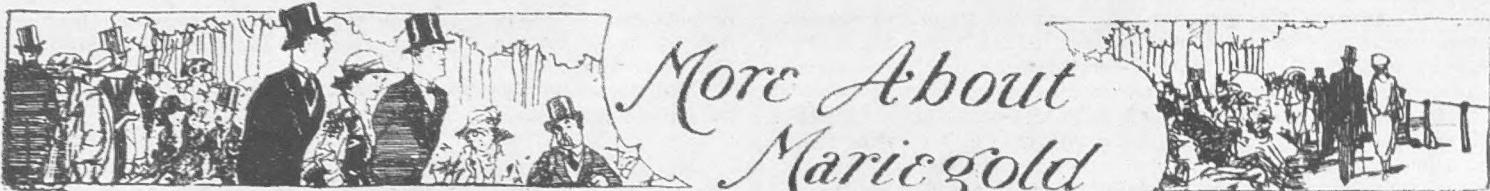
IN THE PADDOCK : LADY STANLEY, THE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF DERBY.

The Household Brigade Steeplechases were held at Hawthorn Hill under perfect conditions, and the sun shone brilliantly all day long. The Royal party were not present at the start, but arrived just before the three o'clock race. Princess Mary, who is shown on our page, looked very well in a severely plain blue coat and skirt.



WITH THE DUKE OF YORK : PRINCESS MARY MARKING HER CARD.

Lord Londesborough, who is seen in our photograph with Mrs. Brassey, won the Household Brigade Selling Hurdle Race on his Loblolly. Lady Stanley, the wife of Lord Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby, wore navy blue serge, and her two sisters, Lady Hillingdon and Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, favoured the same material.



AFTER the Race, which we saw from the roof of Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton's house, next to the Doves pub., we had more tea, and watched the river growing very beautiful as the evening advanced.

"Too beautiful," Mariegold said, and we fled from it. Certainly it is awfully easy to get depressed after the Boat Race. If you stay and watch the river, it frets you with its loveliness. Spring evenings are dreadfully tender and sentimental. If, on the other hand, you go out into the town, you get badly jarred by Mankind.



1. Angela has thought of a splendid way to acquire innumerable paragraphs in the Social Columns. She is going to start something quite new in pets, and obtains two magnificent serpents at the Snake Shop.

Cars full of young men pretending to be the real thing rush along Piccadilly waving light blue ribbons. "There they are!" shouts the crowd on the pavement, and the Real Thing in the motor brandishes a beer-bottle in acknowledgment.

Even in Westminster the Real Thing was rushing about in motors. We side-tracked into Smith Square. We looked at Oswald and Lady Cynthia Mosley's new house, and at Pamela M'Kenna's ever charming establishment, just newly painted.

She herself is back in England, after walking through most of France.

"Soon she goes to Cornwall—to The Jungle at Mevabilly. I told you all about it last year. She hardly gives London a chance of depressing her; she knows enough to get out of it before it palls. And so do I; to-night, I'm going to Wastdale, in Cumberland."

That, I realised, was the result of staying just too long in town. Piccadilly on Boat Race evening was the last straw.

Smith Square, too, was unsettling. We heard of Sir Henry and Lady Norman just off Cap d'Antibes. We heard of Mrs. M'Kenna's walking tour. We met Ralph Hodgson, with his bull-terrier. He said a good word for London, but we can't all take London quite so easily and happily. Besides, he's just engaged to be married, and the beauty of the spring evening sky, with pale stars between the chimneys, did not depress him in the least.

More About Mariegold

Mariegold was good as her word. She went that night to Cumberland. And thus she writes:

"Here I am at Wastdale, a rock-climbing centre for the Lake Districts. I am climbing out of that bad fit of the Blues you saw me in on Boat Race day. Scawfell is quite dangerous, you know. People start out from here with ropes and other Alpine paraphernalia. But what amuses us are the photographs of women doing these same climbs thirty years ago. There is one group taken on Scawfell Pike, quite a difficult climb—the women wearing long skirts, to their ankles, tight bodices buttoned up to their necks, and long, close-fitting sleeves. I would faint if I had to walk from Curzon Street to Bond Street in such armour. And yet they could do those really stiff climbs, and be photographed on the top, looking perfectly placid and frightfully plain!"

"It is almost accepted as a fact up here among my golfing friends," she goes on, "that the Prince of Wales is to be the next Captain of the royal and ancient golf club of St. Andrews. Lord Haig makes room for the new Captain in September, and if the Prince takes over, there'll be no end of competition for the Captain's prizes on the Ladies' Putting Links.

"You know the famous little putting links—eighteen holes on undulating turf, all up and down, and very difficult to play, and no iron putters allowed! Only wooden or aluminium. That sounds barbarous to stay-at-home Southrons. For us, filled with our St. Andrews' traditions, it sounds like the height of civilisation. We do hope we get the Prince for our next Royal and Ancient Captain!"

Here we talk about nothing except polo. That, at least, is your fate if you fall into a certain set—an Anglo-American set that is at the moment engaged in securing the swagger houses of Mayfair for the season.

But, though Ranelagh is becoming the focus of the smartest society on both sides of the Atlantic, we are still kept in the dark about the team. Lord Wodehouse is a popular candidate for a place in the Big Four. Lord Rocksavage has been taking his polo very seriously too, and may qualify. Lord Dalmeny is an older hand, but I am told that we must beware of depending too much on ancient reputations. The Americans have new blood.

Too new, perhaps. Though our team will sound gay enough on paper, it will go very solemnly to work. An American woman has been telling me of the difference in the two teams during the last contest at Meadowbrook, when the English won the coveted cup. The Englishmen went to bed early, and thought twice before eating half a new potato. The Americans drank and raged all night. They lost the cup, anyway. Perhaps they will adopt sterner methods this time.



2. She means to take them about to all the restaurants with her. . . .

I hear Tommy Hitchcock junior is one of the crack players of their side. As a schoolboy he went into flying, was shot down, and escaped from Germany—to the excitement of Long Island, where his family run the hounds and horses. Since then he has become quite wonderful at polo.

From the same American source I learn that Mrs. Corney Vanderbilt, who has since arrived at Claridge's with the Colonel, cabled from mid-Atlantic to get Dorchester House for the polo season. That, I am told (though I have heard nothing of it from the Holford end of the wireless), was her way of consoling herself for not obtaining the Embassy for her husband.

Colonel Vanderbilt is more taciturn than ever, they say—a great contrast to the talkative Colonel Harvey. Whether a lubricated or a closed jaw is the more effective in diplomacy remains to be seen.

Whether or not Dorchester House is hers for the next few months, we must reckon with Mrs. Corney as one of the most pushing of American hostesses. Last year she took the Beattys' yacht and achieved wonders at Cowes.

Meanwhile, the Beattys have settled in at Esher Place, without any furniture worries. I heard of them there last week quite content with their d'Abernon environment.

The house is full of pictures of Lady D'Abernon's unfading beauty.

It used to be said of her sister, the late Hermione Duchess of Leinster, that she was too beautiful to live. Lady D'Abernon, equally beautiful, has survived, and her beauty with her.

"A frigid, fascinating, financial pair," somebody has called them—just the types to abash the Hun.

Lord and Lady Beatty have taken Esher for the spring and summer. It combines a French chateau with a British tennis-court—very different from the original brick house associated with Cardinal Wolsey.

Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in the meantime, is becoming more and more absorbed in making his house worthy of a "grand seigneur"—a phrase he is said to have used, to the delight of his critics.

He is always having the grandiose word thrust upon him, as if he really lived up to his "parentage." You remember in that rather wicked after-dinner game called Parentage, in which you invent more suitable mothers and fathers for well-known characters, Lord Curzon was given the Queen of Sheba and the butler!

A new batch of such witticisms will probably have hatched out as the result of the Rutland house-party. Lady Tree was included in



3 . . . And promenade in the Park with them, to the delight of the Press photographers, and the alarm of the crowd.

it, and is an inveterate player of games. Anything, from an acrostic to a Spoonerism, comes naturally to her; and the Manners have a kindred genius for filling in the evening hours with diabolically clever exercises of brains.

The results of "Parentage," however, are often too personal to be published. Nobody is ever quite sure who is responsible for the best of them. For convenience' sake they are generally ascribed to Mr. Eddie Marsh.

"Oh, have you heard Eddie Marsh's latest?" is the usual formula for something startling.

The announcement of the birth of Lady Londonderry's daughter was a surprise to quite half Park Lane. Indeed, had it come a day



4. The only objection to this splendid plan is that she is terribly frightened of snakes, and even the sight of Kitten's serpent bangle sends her flying from the room.

later some people would have received it as a praiseworthy effort in April fooling. The news of the event came not from Londonderry House, but from Mount Stewart, County Down.

After a honeymoon spent mostly in Scilly, Lord and Lady de la Warr are expected back in town. For a time "Buck" and his bride were on the Riviera, but he did not shoot pigeons at Monte Carlo. So few of the people anybody knows do shoot pigeons at Monte Carlo that one marvels the practice thrives.

A letter just arrived tells me of one class that still shoots: "Your young Italian of the smarter kind is not nice to watch at his sport. His servant stands behind him, relieves him of his fur collar while he wounds his bird, and then softly replaces it on the really very shapely and beautifully fitted shoulders. 'These foreigners do overdo it,' murmured an Englishman at my side."

I said, a little higher up, that Lord and Lady de la Warr were due back. Now, before my page is finished, I hear that they are back.

Another couple whose honeymooning seems to have gone on and on without end are home again in Madrid. I mean the Duke and Duchess of Alba.

Home in London, too, is the lady who was in Egypt with the Duke and Duchess—that much-decorated person, Mrs. H. Wynne. She broke her journey home at the Meurice in order to be in Paris for Easter. Her war decorations were won on five fronts—one needs a polyglot dictionary to read all the addresses that accompanied them—the Bronze Star, Croix de Guerre, Order of Leopold I., Order of St. George, Al Valore Militare, and Croce de Guerra!

Other arrivals soon due are the Maidstones, from the Soudan; and towards the end of the month Mrs. Corey will mark her return from France with a dance at the Ritz. Then she settles into the house in Arlington Street she has taken from Lady Scarbrough.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHER'S SNAPSHOTS AT THE



WITH LORD BURGHERSH, WINNER OF THE AHERSTONE AND ADJOINING HUNTS RACE: MRS. HARRY BROWN AND MRS. STOKES.



MR. SIDNEY FISHER, SIR IAN WALKER, MISS WALKER, MISS DE TRAFFORD, AND MR. DERRICK FISHER.



WITH MRS. SIMMONS: MRS. HAWKINS, WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE AHERSTONE.



WITH MR. AND MRS. HAROLD MRS. STOKES, OWNERS

The Atherstone Hunt Point-to-Point Steeplechases were held at Sutton Cheney, and attended by many well-known people, some of whom are shown in our photographs. Lord Burghersh, who won the Atherstone and Adjoining Hunts Race on Mrs. Stokes' Edwinstone, is the son of the Earl of Westmorland. Mr. Harry Brown, who is shown on our pages with his wife and little boy, is the well-known owner

ATHERSTONE HUNT POINT-TO-POINT STEEPELECHASES.



ON THEIR PRIVATE "GRAND STAND": MR. ALDRIDGE AND MRS. GILBEY.



WATCHING THE RACING FROM A CAR: MRS. BEECH AND MISS BRUNN.



BROWN AND CAPTAIN HARLAND:
OF EDWINSTONE.



CHATTING TO CAPTAIN AND MRS. VENN: MAJOR HAWKINS,
THE MASTER OF THE AHERSTONE.

and trainer, whose plucky achievement in the Grand National aroused so much admiration. His horse, The Bore, fell, and Mr. Brown rode him over the last jump, and came in second, in spite of having a broken collar-bone. Sir Ian Walker, who is seen in our snapshot with Miss Walker and Miss de Trafford, is the third Baronet, and succeeded his father, Sir Peter Walker, in 1915.

The Personal Equation: Boat-Race Studies.



THE MAN WHO "DOUBLED" THE BOAT RACE AND GOLD CUP:
LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. GIBBON, UNSADDLING CARADOC II.



PRESIDENTS OF THE RIVAL CREWS AFTER THE TOSS:
MR. P. H. HARTLEY (LEFT) AND MR. W. E. C. JAMES.



LEAVING THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT-HOUSE
WITH LORD AMPHILL: THE PRINCE
OF WALES.



STROKE OF THE WINNING BOAT: MR. P. H.
HARTLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.



ROUGHING HIS OAR BEFORE THE RACE:
MR. R. S. C. LUCAS, ONE OF THE OXFORD
CREW



ROWED OUT AFTER PASSING THE POST: THE DARK BLUES IN A STATE OF COLLAPSE.

Cambridge won the seventy-second Boat Race by one length in 19 min. 45 sec., after one of the grandest contests in the history of the race. One of the most remarkable features of the day was Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gibbon's "double" of the Royal Artillery Gold Cup at Sandown and the Boat Race. Early in the afternoon

he rode his own horse, Caradoc II., to victory in the three-mile steeplechase. He then hurried to Putney to follow the race, and to see the Cambridge crew, whom he had been coaching, beat Oxford. The Prince of Wales came up from Windsor to see the race, and followed it in the Umpire's Launch.

Débutante, Bride, and Married Women.



CHAIRMAN OF THE IVORY CROSS BALL COMMITTEE:
LADY ASHFIELD.



A DÉBUTANTE OF THE COMING SEASON:
MISS MAUD RAMSEY.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN SAMUEL: MISS ENID VAN DEN BERGH.

Lady Ashfield is the wife of Lord Ashfield, P.C., first Baron, the chairman and managing director of the Underground and Electric Railways of London. She is chairman of the Ball Committee for the Ivory Cross dance which is being held at the Grafton Galleries on April 14.—Miss Maud Ramsey is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ramsey, of 17, Sussex Square, and will be one of the season's



A BEAUTIFUL SOCIETY WOMAN: LADY LATTA.

débutantes.—The marriage of Miss Enid Van den Bergh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Van den Bergh, to Captain Cecil Samuel, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Harry Samuel, M.P., was fixed to take place on Tuesday, April 5.—Lady Latta is the wife of Sir John Latta, Bt., of 12, Portman Square. She has one son of eighteen and two daughters, who are among the prettiest girls in Society.

The Enoch Arden of the future



IT is undeniably Awkward about Uncle Thomas and Aunt Jane. They enjoy going to the play when they come Up to Town after Easter, and it is important that they should be Suitably Entertained. Well . . . you know how they feel on the subject of Marriage, and there are a lot of plays about Divorce just now, aren't there?

Still, at the St. Martin's, they don't lure you there under False Pretences, and it is more comfortable for everyone, that the date should be 1932—not quite so Personal, is it? More in the nature of an Awful Warning, perhaps, and it might please Aunt Jane to say, "I knew it would be just like this after the way the Girls Ran Wild." Besides, if you could only hurry her out before the last ten minutes. Make her think the play ended when Mrs. Lilian Braithwaite Fairfield had just surrendered to her ex-husband, ex-soldier, ex-lunatic's (it really is all the same man) second wooing (Divorce Plays do give opportunities for New Situations, don't they, and a proposal from a husband of eighteen years' standing has its Original Side), and decided that the Man Who Fought in the Great War Needed Her More than her Aubrey Smith Gray Meredith fiancé. Both Uncle Thomas and Aunt Jane might go away feeling that Divorce Law Reformers had been Put in their Right Place, but I'm afraid it couldn't be Done.

You see, Miss Clemence Dane has really written a Play, and even Victorian County Families would be determined to see it out. It is worth seeing, too, for even after the first two acts the most thoroughly well-informed playgoer can't guess how it is going to end. Oh, dear no, because Things Keep on Happening, and the drama lasts till the final curtain, when Tainted Youth has sacrificed everything to Beautiful Middle Age, who is off with the Healthy Man for her second honeymoon.

The Enoch Arden of the Divorce Law Reform does come back at an awkward time. But then, They Always Do, these Enoch Ardens. It would have been Worse if he hadn't escaped from the Asylum when his ex-wife and her fiancé were singing "Hark the herald angels" in the village church. Because, you see, it did give him time to get his bearings, and notice that the Grandfather Clock on the stairs had been moved, and that he had a full-grown daughter in Meggie Albanesi Sydney Fairfield. His recovery had been Complete, or no doubt they would soon have Set Him Off again. Mr. Malcolm Keen Fairfield gives a wonderful display of a man on the verge of toppling reason. A fine performance and heartrending. It upsets Mrs. Lilian Braithwaite Fairfield as much as it does the audience. And after her disturbing breakfast, too. With her sister-in-law, Hester Fairfield Agnes Thomas, and her daughter bickering over morals and presents. Only Lilian Braithwaite could have managed so much tragedy over the Bacon and Eggs.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is, in fact, a Play. Miss Clemence Dane conveys All Sorts of Things in it, too. How difficult, for instance, it is, to Have an Upset in a well-staffed house. When Enoch Arden comes back, and no one knows quite What to Do About It, it is a distinct help to the action to have a Parlourmaid who says: "Is the Gentleman staying to Lunch?" (None of us have that kind of Parlourmaid now; but in 1932, perhaps, the Race will have been Bred Again.) Humour, too, is a dramatic quality, and though there is little of that, what there is is Good. When a maiden aunt finds her Débutante Niece kissing a young man at midday on Christmas Morning, she will now know What to Say. You see, it was not an under-the-mistletoe embrace, but a Real One, and the correct remark about it is: "Sydney! Before Lunch!"

Then there is the Modern Girl. She is as important as the Future Divorce. We know all about Her, but till Clemence Dane imagined Sydney, and Meggie Albanesi acted her, we had not seen her in a play. There she is, complete with Bad Points and Good Points, and played by an actress who can give both their Full Charm. Logic in Love is her Long Suit. She has a problem to solve as well as her Mamma. And she does it to the extent of sending off her fiancé on the plea of Eugenics. But without Telling Him all About it. Which was a relief, and gave scope for the best exhibition of feminine tactics which a woman ever wrote for the stage. How to Pick a Quarrel in two minutes is one of the Smartest Things we have seen for some time. It was almost a pity that such a first-rate bit of comedy should be found in a serious play which Upsets some people so much that they can hardly smile over the light moments. Still, it needed it. Miss Meggie Albanesi has never Done



THE AUTHOR OF "A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT": MISS CLEMENCE DANE.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is Miss Clemence Dane's first play, and is considered not only one of the most interesting dramas recently produced, but also an extremely well-constructed play. She is well known as a novelist, and has gained great praise for "First the Blade," "Regiment of Women," and "Legend," her three books. In our photograph Miss Clemence Dane is shown on the right.—[Photograph by B.I.]

Anything Better than her interpretation of the Unsentimental Young Woman of the Future. She is very like some of the Young Women of the Present, though—perhaps even a Little Bit More So. But she is their apologia and their explanation. She is determined to "play fair" in love, and she does it. It seems an original ideal, but we are told it is the New Feminism. At all events it gives scope for acting. And a fine curtain, when Sydney turns to her Deserted Father with her promise of Something to live for. Punctuated, though, this promise, with the only tears in the Whole Tragedy.

"A Bill of Divorcement" is, in fact, Something to be Seen. Not for Amusement, perhaps, but because it is a Play. Something to enjoy; something to Stimulate by its ideas. And to cheer by the assurance that there is still Someone to Write Plays, and to act them. But the Easily Affected should not go. At least, not unless they have a Bottle of Whisky in the House. For, after the play, It does Cheer You Up so.

JANE RAMSAY-KERR.

As It May Be in 1932: The "Hard Case" Play.



THE EX-HUSBAND URGES HIS PRIOR CLAIM: HILARY (MALCOLM KEEN) AND MARGARET (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE).



THE FIANCÉ PLEADS HIS CAUSE: GRAY MEREDITH (AUBREY SMITH) AND MARGARET (LILIAN BRAITHWAITE).



THE AGONY OF CHOICE: GRAY MEREDITH (MR. AUBREY SMITH), MARGARET FAIRFIELD (MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE), AND SYDNEY (MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI).

Miss Clemence Dane's "A Bill of Divorcement," at the St. Martin's, is founded on a "hard case" under the new divorce laws, which have come into force at the period of the drama—in 1932. Margaret Fairfield has divorced her insane husband, and is about to marry Gray Meredith. Hilary Fairfield, however, recovers his reason, escapes from the asylum, and arrives home. Margaret then

has to decide between the man whom she loves and the man whom she married during the emotional strain of the war. After she has changed her mind more than once, the choice is made for her by her daughter, Sydney, who sends her off with Gray, promising that she will look after her father. The acting of the whole cast is exceptionally good.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



I SUPPOSE everyone has stored away in his soul the ideal place, and the perfectly ideal place, and the most Ideal Place of All. . . .

I am like those inarticulate, antedeluvian beasts that wandered over the earth, seeking something still more surprising, until the whole species died from over-indulgence in hyperbole.

When I was in the early throes of being very much in love with love, for lack of a tangible male object I invented a score or so. And every one of them came to me straight over the sharp grey rocks that divide the land from the sea at Cap Martin. And each bore a sprig of rosemary for remembrance, and all were crowned with myrtle, and most of them talked as Shelley was supposed to have talked, and the rest looked like Keats.

So my most Ideal Place of All is Cap Martin. Ever since those earliest heart-throbs I had looked forward to the day when the real Man should stand with me on a certain promontory and say such things as dreams are made on.

There are pine-trees there, and a carpet of pine-needles, and great banks of yellow gorse. The rest is deep blue sea. Even the sky does not come into the picture, for you are so held by the wonder of looking down that you never look up for a moment.

But having caught my man, having dragged him all the way to the Riviera, having even succeeded in luring him to the very brink of "the time, and the place, and the loved one all together," what do you think I found?

They have rabbit-wired my promontory! They have tunneled it, and built a bridge over it, and heaven knows what under it, and all kinds of Greek anachronisms round it!

And the romance of life is spoilt. No other spot can take its place. The man laughed so much that I can never forgive him, and then we had tea—an enormous, most unromantic tea in the crowded little pavilion on the edge of the sea. I had meant him to sit on those rocks while the sun set. . . . I had expected him to twine my hair with myrtle. . . . I took my hand. But that was because he found it necessary to use me as a kind of alpenstock. The stones cut my new shoes, and the gorse tore his best coat, and the knowledge that the taxi-driver was charging a small fortune while he waited in supreme comfort on the road did not help.

The only people I knew at the tea pavilion were Sir Herbert and Lady Jessel (not looking in the least as though they had had their pet ideal shattered), and Major Paget and Colonel Walrond, and later, at Mentone, I saw General and Mrs. Perkins with Major and Mrs. Mervyn Thornycroft and some other soldiers.

It was like being the heroine of a musical comedy to sit at one of the little tables outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo. One minute you would find yourself chatting with General Woodroffe (just back from being Military Attaché in Japan), and the next Colonel Cyril Foley (the Jameson Raid Foley) would stroll across the stage, and Mrs. Henry Sturgis (George Meredith's daughter) and Mme. Melba, and Countess Medina,

and representatives of most of the royal houses of Europe, precisely as in those wonderful productions where even shipwrecked folk wear the very latest from Paris.

And lo! you might behold suddenly a great sailing vessel, painted black and white like a futuristic bath-room, sailing full speed ahead with every sail tucked snugly away, and not a breath of wind anywhere. But if your eyes were good you would discover a cleverly concealed funnel behind one of the tall masts, and the ever-ready voice at your elbow would volunteer: "There goes Bend Or's yacht" (Bend Or is the Duke of Westminster). "She is driven by oil, you know. Much cheaper than coal."



AT A MEET OF THE SOUTHDOWN AT BALNEATH MANOR: THE MARCHIONESS HAKANOMIKADO AND MAJOR NEWTON, M.P.

Our photograph, which was taken at a meet of the Southdown at Balneath Manor, Cooksbridge, shows a distinguished Japanese lady, the Marchioness Hakanomikado, watching the arrival of the hounds, with Major Newton, the Member for Harwich.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

last car-splitting hoot had heralded our departure from the station, and my answers seemed to miss fire without that pack of nieces.

Why could they not shepherd their own aunt? The further our train went, the more convinced I became of their real reason for seeing her off. They wanted to make certain that she went. There was to be no risk of last-moment malingering. They had had enough of her, and they were so determined she should not side-track off at Marseilles or Lyons that they looked to me to do the rest. At first I did it nobly. I took her to dinner. I let her pinch my arm black and blue every time we crossed from one carriage to another (and there were eleven). I shared my chocolate creams with her. I even ate one of her disgusting peppermints. Straight from dinner she insisted on bed. And when I began to read she quite firmly demanded that the light should go out. It was then that I lay in the dark from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m., remembering adequate and scintillating answers to all those requests. Dawn revealed a perfectly shameless bald head, an open mouth, and two fat hands still clinging to the empty Thermos flask—my Thermos flask which she had somehow appropriated during



WITH MISS PEGGY LEWIS AT A MEET OF THE SOUTHDOWN: SIR GEORGE AND LADY LEWIS.

Sir George Lewis is the son of Sir George Lewis, first Baronet, and is the head of the well-known firm of Lewis and Lewis. He has one son and two daughters, the elder of whom, Miss Peggy Lewis, is shown with him and Lady Lewis in our photograph, which was taken at a meet of the Southdown at Balneath Manor, Cooksbridge.

Photograph by S. and G.

(Continued overleaf.)

The Latest from Cannes: Some Snapshotted Shots.



GOLFING AT CANNES: THE COUNTESS OF MEDINA.



STROLLING IN THE SUN: LORD NUNBURNHOLME (RIGHT) AND A FRIEND.



READY TO BEGIN: LADY FARNHAM ON THE TEE AT CANNES.



CONSIDERING THE RESULT OF HIS SHOT: COLONEL CORNWALLIS WEST AT CANNES.



WEARING THE LATEST GOLF HAT: THE DUCHESSE DE VALLOMBROSA.

Our photographer has been out on the golf course at Cannes, and has snapshotted some well-known people before and after their shots. The Countess of Medina, who before her marriage to the elder son of the Marquess of Milford Haven was Countess Nada Torby, is about to play a shot through the green; Lady Farnham, the wife of Lord

Farnham, is ready to drive off; Colonel Cornwallis West is apparently contemplating the result of a shot with his brassey with a certain amount of pleasure; and the Duchesse de Vallombrosa is just preparing to lay her approach pretty dead. Her hat deserves special attention, as it is one of the latest.—[Photographs by Navello.]

"SUNBEAMS OUT OF CUCUMBERS."

Continued.

the darkness. It had contained hot coffee—*my* coffee, which I had looked forward to all night long. Early morning is not my best time. Sleepless nights do not improve my temper. Hunger fanned the flame of wrath, and I yelled at the old woman till my lungs nearly burst; but she only smiled in her sleep. The Thermos rolled to the floor, and I heard the little bits of broken glass jingling for the rest of the journey.

On the whole, it was not a mistake wearing my best dressing-gown. The thought of ruining it kept me from murder.

Paris, at various stages of my life, has seemed the Paradise, the Purgatory, the dream or the nightmare, but never until this week was Paris merely a pageant of fashions—a *revue d'art des plus belles modes*. I had promised various London friends to choose their dresses. It would only mean an hour's shopping. I couldn't go wrong. Anything made by the firms would look "divine" on anyone! Divine is the word started by the "Souls"—the junior members—some six or eight years ago. You meet it applying to boots, or stockings, or asparagus, or furniture, or hairdressers, or motor-cars. It is as overdone as that other abomination "hectic." You hear of a hectic time in a divine restaurant; or a hectic weekend with a divine car; or a divine new tango and a hectic partner.

Whatever it all means, I had a time like that in Paris. . . . One day only . . . one box to pack them into . . . one pair of eyes . . . and a thousand tongues all advising the choice of different dreams of dresses! There is the "Coup de Vent" dress in which the fulness of the skirt brought forward over a tight *fourreau* is accentuated by a much be-frilled apron. There is the "Bacchante" dress with

the waist-line round the hips, or even lower, and the skirts almost trailing on the ground. There is the dress with the straight back, and the draped dress—the foulards and crêpes and satins, the sleeves like wings and the sleeves that do not even pretend to clothe the arm, the sleeve material being carried on into the skirt over the shoulder. The designer has been watching dragon-flies and has decided that woman, too, must have her gossamer pinions. Or perhaps she is tired of the equality of the sexes, and means at last to emphasise that even fallen angels



AT BROOKLANDS: GROUP-CAPTAIN SAMSON, THE FAMOUS AIRMAN, AND HIS WIFE.

Our photograph, which was taken at Brooklands, shows Group-Captain Samson, the famous airman, with his wife. Mrs. Samson's fur skirt deserves special attention.—[Photograph by I.B.]



SNAPPED IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE: H.H. THE RAJAH AND H.H. THE RANEE OF SARAWAK.

This snapshot of H.H. the Rajah of Sarawak (Mr. Charles Vyner Brooke), and his wife was taken in the South of France. The Ranees has just published a novel entitled "Toys"; is engaged in writing a play, and recently had an exhibition of her pastels at the Chester Galleries.

may re-grow wings. I was dazed by the infinite variety of new sleeves. Some are flat and close-fitting. Some are finished off with a wide volant or a very big revers; some have little 1830 puffs forming a sort of cushion half-way up the forearm; some are short like they were in the winter; and invariably all evening sleeves convey the impression that anything might happen if you sneeze!

Most evening bodices are very low in the back and high in the front; and with all the skirts' fulness in front, they look precisely as though the *mannequin* had dressed too hurriedly and put everything on the wrong way round.

If Queen Victoria encouraged large families by bringing in the crinoline, Paris is certainly doing *her* best by making all 1921 women look as though they were doing their duty to the State.

The journey back . . . yes. I was ready for the journey back. The Channel was like Windermere Lake, quiet and uneventful and blue, with the chalk cliffs of Dover rising to greet me, and a few known faces: Lady Sheffield, the eldest daughter of Baron de Tuyl and the wife of Sir Berkeley Sheffield; travelling with her sister, Baroness J. Willes; Mrs. Loeffler, on her way home from



SNAPPED ON THE TEE AT BIARRITZ: MISS M. BISHOP. Miss M. Bishop has been playing a good deal of golf at Biarritz. Our photograph shows her driving off.—[Photograph by Alfieri]

Sweden, where she had sprained her knee skiing, contemplating with gloom a month on her sofa in Grosvenor Square. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. St. Vincent Saumarez, who married Lord de Saumarez' heir in 1914, has not been abroad this winter, but has been devoting herself to the re-decoration of their place in Suffolk.

London I found so desolate that I gladly accepted an invitation to stay in a jolly house for the Garth Hunt Point-to-Point meeting at the Arborfield Remount Depot. It was joy to smell the English grass again. The spring excitement in the hedgerows spread from the birds to the horses in their shining coats, and from the riders to the tweed-clad onlookers.



THE WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED ANGLO-INDIAN: LADY BRAY AT PAU.

Lady Bray, who has been staying at Pau, is the wife of Sir Hugh Bray, C.S.I., President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, and a Member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Villiers. He raised the Uganda Rifles and eventually was appointed to his Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. And Lady Downshire had come from East Hampstead Park, the seat of her stepson, the present Marquess, who was with her. And Sir Gerald Mildmay and Lady Findlay and Mr. Guy Hargreaves, M.F.H., and so many nice English, open-air faces that I quite ceased to regret even Cannes.

Prince Henry, the King's third son, rode in the first event, and rode with a perfectly natural seat. He appeared to be going to win, but his horse refused at a final fence, and his Royal Highness, alas! did not complete the course.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

La Pompadour's Idea of a Bath-Room Picture!



PART OF THE VANDERBILT BEQUEST: BOUCHER'S "TOILET OF VENUS."

Boucher's "Toilet of Venus" is one of the priceless pictures which form part of the William K. Vanderbilt Bequest to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and is an example of the best work of the French eighteenth-century painter. It was painted for Madame

de Pompadour in 1751, and was hung in her bath-room. Later it became the property of her brother, the Marquis de Marigny. Janinet made a coloured engraving from it in 1783, and it is considered as one of the classic examples of Boucher at his best.

Photograph by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



BEFORE "Hagar's Hoard" was twenty-one pages old I knew I was in the grip of a conqueror. Mr. George Kibbe Turner may be a new writer, but he is already a master. Just that handful of pages, and my nerves were crawling with the secret and unconjectured fear that came to Memphis in '78. The stark brazeness of the sun, the bated mutterings of fear, the warnings of Uncle Hagar, "stern as the wrath of God," gave me a dry and brittle sense of terror. I felt the niggers and thieves gathering silent on the side-walks and watching, always watching; and I felt the Yellow Fever creeping up the river, an unseen black poison in the air coming on like a wall of fog.

An astonishing effect of atmosphere. No good trying to find out how the tingle of it all gets into the blood; it gets there. One looks down from the windows of Hagar's house—"Grummit's Bank," they called it—and sees the Fever fires starting up, red and smudgy. One hears going by all night the rolling wooden wheels of fleeing citizens. One sees "Make-Haste-Moses" lolling on the driving seat of the jolting Dead Wagon, and the yellow pine coffins in the wagon, and the green flies that trail after it—one sees and one feels it.

And one suffers the slow human torture of the terror that crouches so secret down there in the town. Hagar, who doesn't fear the fever "no more'n sunstroke," will not fly. There is a miser's hoard hidden somewhere in that big, flamboyant house of his. Vance, his quiet and yet wonderful daughter, will not go if he stays. Beavis, the rough, fine cub of a kinsman, fights for the life of Vance. It is a fight simple, unsensational, and terrific. Hagar of the few ideas, but those few fierce and strong, clings with a stark obstinacy to his greenbacks, wandering the echoing, empty rooms of the great house on guard. Vance, feminine, vivid, utterly illogical and tenacious, is as unyielding.

Meanwhile, the Fever fires creep up towards them, street by street. An evil big-half nigger prowls, feeling softly at the gates about

"Grummit's Bank." The yellow pine coffins pile higher on the side-walk, and Arabella the "Sanctified" coloured servant stands watching Memphis, chanting in ecstasy of signs and mysteries of the destruction of the town, and the coming of the Lord in a chariot of wonder. The growing effect on the mind has an astonishing power, and the homely and beautiful love story that carries the book forward has a naturalness that gives it at once a delicate and genuine vitality.

Vitality is not the attribute of Miss Isabel Clarke's "Ursula Finch." She is much too much of a meek thing. Not even Miss Clarke's distinction of style and charm in storytelling can make her quite convincing. She is the Cinderella daughter of a slightly

DESCENDED FROM ROBERT EMMET :
MISS HAZEL SEYMOUR-BURT.

Miss Hazel Seymour-Burt is descended on her mother's side from Robert Emmet, and is also related to William Hazlitt. Her father is in the Indian Police, and comes from a well-known Service family which counts many distinguished soldiers and sailors among its members.

Photograph by Vandyk.

embittered rector, and her lot is unstinted submission. She is original enough to have a lovely sister, for Daphne of the "perfect and accurate beauty" demonstrates how much more painful she can be than the ugly ones.

Humphrey Willmot of the handsome profile and the cautious mind comes on to the scene, and is spurred to a platonic chivalry by Ursula's

hungry grey eyes and her eagerness to read modern poets. Not altogether a satisfying young man, for though he is careless about Ursula's heart, he is astonishingly careful about his own. The result—Daphne and the discerning Finch *mère* pack Ursula off to Rome, so that the hungry grey eyes shall not spoil Daphne's chances with "he Willmot money-bags."

In Rome Ursula plays drudge to a middle-class family, the Garronis, who are almost too bad to be true. Their tyranny is only equalled by Ursula's submissiveness. Not even the original Cinderella, one feels, would submit so meekly to so much. And then, while one is trying to convince oneself that Ursula is true, there arrives Ursula's conversion to Roman Catholicism, which is more unconvincing than anything. I admit that Miss Clarke is trying to present a spiritual phenomenon that is both interesting and inexplicable—the conversion "between the saddle and the ground," the something that drives souls on in spite of reason and even desire—but Miss Clarke does not carry one with her. When Ursula is rescued from the Garronis and finds peace in pleasant surroundings in Florence, Miss Clarke shows her old charm, a charm that was also manifest in her Cornish scenes earlier in the book, and in her dealings in legends and poets which brought Ursula and Humphrey together.

A sense of quiet yet unerring humour, and a polish in style that is in itself a pleasure make Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's "The Widow's Cruse" one of the most recommendable of books. It is a comedy of woman the unscrupulous, and in its way it is entirely ruthless, despite the urbane smoothness of its satire. Florence Poor is a beautiful, charming, and highly glazed suburban who married Everard, a journalist with the supreme value of being not brilliant but "safe." He had a fantastic cynicism for home use, and apparently no visible ambition. Florence had plenty of it. Although she did not read much, and when she did was as particular about having her novels fresh as she was with regard to meat and vegetables, she wanted her husband to be a "personage." Failing that, she shone in the glory of Sir Lewis Dane, a mutual friend, who had attained celebrity by writing novels which Everard called "mechanical rabbits."

Quite abruptly her husband dies and leaves to the world the wonder of a posthumous genius. Florence, as his widow, becomes even more important than the wife of the living Sir Lewis would be. Steadily, ruthlessly, with a bland self-assurance that is unfalteringly droll, she gathers about her the cloud of glory left behind by "my dear husband." She, with the ripe knowledge of Mr. Fyfe and the publisher Rally, becomes a grand master of the art of literary "stunting." She takes to herself all the credit of inspiring her husband, in the face of the baffled Lady Margaret to whom it is due, and she makes use of and frustrates Sir Lewis as her schemes demand with unabashed selfishness. She is the complete ghoul, yet she is both the most charming and convincing figure in Mr. Fyfe's brilliant little comedy, which means that she is a triumph in character-drawing.



A YOUNG EDITOR: MISS B. WALBROOK, THE DAUGHTER OF THE PUBLISHER AND NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

Miss B. Walbrook is the daughter of the well-known publisher and newspaper proprietor, Mr. W. H. Walbrook. For some time she has been the Assistant Editor of the "Blue Magazine," which is one of his periodicals.

Photograph by Vandyk.



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AN AWKWARD CORNER. BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

"WHERE did you pick up Miss Malvery?" asked Curtis Rawdon, glancing at the girl with the over-demens face and the air of modest reluctance, to whom General Brail, a noted philanderer, was whispering amorous banalities.

"As a matter of fact, she picked me up," said his cousin Victorine. "I was stopping in town last month—came out into a deluge—couldn't get a taxi for love or money—and she offered me a lift in hers."

"Et ainsi de suite," he said, laughing, "you immediately vowed eternal friendship and asked her down to stop—just like you, Vic! But why is Dulcie Dering so keen on her? They are almost inseparable."

"They travelled down here by the same train," Mrs. Orde explained, "and Dulcie lost her bag with her ticket and everything in it. Ada Malvery lent her the money to pay the collector. It was an awfully good-natured thing to do, because she didn't know then that Dulcie was coming to stay with us too."

"Didn't she? H'm. Quite a genius for playing the Good Samaritan," commented Rawson, with an inflection in his voice that made his cousin look at him quickly.

"Why, Curtis!" she exclaimed. "You're not—it hasn't come to that yet, has it?"

"To what?" he questioned, smiling.

"You've only known Dulcie a week," said Victorine, wonderingly; "or is it ten days?"

"How long did you know Orde before he succumbed?" counter-questioned Rawdon.

"Oh, but we fell in love at first sight," she affirmed.

"Yes," he agreed; "it happens! You are not the only people who have minds of your own and can make them up quickly. Well, here's a confession."

"Curtis!" she exclaimed breathlessly; "you're really serious! After all the girls I've introduced you to, after all the mothers' meetings that have been held about you—after joining the Bachelors' Club—"

"I've decided," Rawdon interposed calmly, "that I can't stick Miss Malvery. Either she or I must fall out of grace with Dulcie."

And as at this moment Ada Malvery's heavy white eyelids lifted, and she shot a swift glance at him, he concluded that she guessed she was under discussion, so he moved away.

Victorine looked after him, admiring, as she always did, the suppleness of the strong figure, the easy swing of the long, lean limbs, the poise of the head with its brown hair, grey-patched by war's relentless handling.

"Curtis and Dulcie!" she murmured—"what a wonderful thing."

For Dulcie Dering's wayward pride that made her intractably cold and wilfully unprepossessing to any man who was considered a catch had seemed a hopeless obstacle between her and Rawdon. Ada's eyes followed him, too, and after a moment she disengaged herself from the General, and, crossing the wide hall, passed through the curtains that screened off the music-room.

But she was too late.

The vacant music-stool, the song open on the piano, the little lace handkerchief fallen between it and an open French window, showed that Dulcie had taken flight, and had been pursued by Rawdon on to the verandah outside.

Ada could see them standing where the moonlight falling through two syringa trees made a luminous archway to the fragrant dusk of a garden of love's own roses beyond.

"Why do you run away from me?" Rawdon was demanding, and, as Dulcie attempted a smiling denial, he went on. "No—you didn't think I was playing bridge or billiards—you knew quite well I was listening to you singing to yourself and waiting for a chance to join you without your shadow."

"My shadow?" she echoed, surprised.

"There is a girl here who is always at your side," he said; "we will leave her name and her motive alone. But there isn't room for both of us. Which is it to be, Dulcie—her or me?"

"Captain Rawdon," she began, "you ought not to talk like this if—"

"If," he asked insistently, and he took the hand with which she was steadyng herself against the rose-wreathed pillar, and clasped it in both his own.

"If you and Ada are old—friends," Dulcie stammered, "and it is only a—a friends' quarrel between you."

He laughed with amused relief. "I never set eyes on her before I came down last week," he said, "and I hope I never shall again. Dulcie, my little beloved, there isn't anyone but you—never has been. When we are married—"

"Curtis!" The waywardness was gone; it was a transfigured face that stared up at him with incredulous joy, and the cry of his name was a revelation. He caught her in his arms, and after a moment they vanished through the radiance into the twilight of the gods.

The next day Victorine, with the harmless pride of the would-be match-maker, told all her guests that the ideal engagement of the year had taken place at her house, and had been engineered by herself.

And the following morning Rawdon caught an early train to town to interview Dulcie's father and buy the engagement ring.

Dulcie saw him off at the station, and promised to meet him when he returned by the late express.

At the Junction, just as he was congratulating himself on an empty smoker, the door was flung wide, and a girl was hustled in by the guard, with a sharp rebuke for the risk she had taken.

She sank down panting for breath, and Rawdon, surprised, said: "A very close shave, Miss Malvery."

"It had to be," she gasped. "I knew I could only catch you by a fluke. Your wire was late in arriving."

He gave her a quick glance. The demure aspect and decorous voice were conspicuous by their absence. "I don't understand," he said with cold formality.

"Don't you?" Her tone, and the laugh that followed, constituted the beginning of an offensive. "You want me to explain?"

"As you please," he replied, taking out his cigarette-case. "May I smoke while you talk?"

"Oh, you can be as cool as you like," she said, a flash of furious anger in her eyes, "but you've got to listen, anyhow. We have half-an-hour's run before us."

He was silent, his gaze centred on the landscape.

"You must have guessed there'd be trouble as soon as you recognised me at Orde Court," she began.

"Pardon me," Rawdon interjected, "I have no recollection of ever meeting you before."

"Then you simply took a down on me," she retorted, "which makes it worse. Just carry your mind back to Knight's Club and Garry Verrall."

Her words conjured up a vision of the summer of 1914. A scene totally forgotten in the ensuing panorama of war formed itself in his memory—the group round a supper-table, where a boy, flushed with champagne and maddened with riotous living, was denouncing a young woman, and declaring that, not content with taking all his money, she had just stolen his diamond stud. The woman was appealing to the manager to have him thrown out. Curtis Rawdon, who had come there at Lady Verrall's earnest entreaty to rescue Garry from undesirable surroundings, had interfered, stood sponsor for the lad, and taken him quietly away, to the woman's intense annoyance, for she was seeking the advertisement of a *chronique scandaleuse*.

And Rawdon realised, as he faced her in the railway carriage now, that Ada Malvery was right—he had seen her before!

"I owed you a biff for that," she said, "and I've just waited. Do you think if I hadn't got to know that Mrs. Orde was your cousin, I should have gone down to stay with that drab set of people?"

Rawdon involuntarily smiled. "We don't think ourselves drab," he said; "the General fancies he is highly coloured, I think."

"Rotten old *roué*," she commented. "I was as bored with him as I was with goody-goodies like you and your smug Dulcie."

"Better not speak of her," said Rawdon, with dangerous quietness.

Ada laughed triumphantly. "I wonder what she'll say when she sees this"; and she opened her attaché case with a key on her bangle, and drawing out a telegram, held it up for him to read.

"Meet me at Junction, we will spend day together; I want to explain.—CURTIS."

[Continued on page x.]

ON THE SCENE OF THE STAGE AND LE TOUQUET



ENJOYING THE SUNSHINE: THE HON. ERIC
AND MRS. CHAPLIN.



ADDRESSING THE BALL:
LADY PEARSON, D.B.E.



DISCUSSING THE BALL QUESTION: MR. LESLIE
HENSON AND COL. THE HON. GEORGE KEPPEL.



WATCHING THE PLAY: A GROUP INCLUDING MR. ERNEST GRAHAM; MR. GEORGE
GROSSMITH; MISS HEATHER THATCHER; AND MRS. CORY WRIGHT.

Le Touquet was well patronised by Society last week, and many distinguished people assembled there, including Lord Chaplin's son, the Hon. Eric Chaplin, and his wife, and Lady Pearson, D.B.E., wife of Sir Arthur Pearson, Bt. The team match between the Stage Golfing Society and the Le Touquet Club aroused much interest, the stage winning by 14 points to 10. Mr. Leslie Henson beat Colonel the Hon. George Keppel by 3 and 2; Mr. Ernest Graham, the Hon. Secretary of the Stage Golfing Society, halved

MATCH: WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE IN THE SUNSHINE.



A MEMBER OF THE LADIES' STAGE GOLFING SOCIETY
TEAM: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.



ON THE HOTEL STEPS: THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN
AND LORD FINCASTLE.



WITH SIR JOHN WIMBLE, K.B.E.: MRS. THEODORE THOMPSON;
LADY WIMBLE; AND MISS WILSON.



WITH MAJOR "IAN HAY" BEITH: LORD DUNMORE,
V.C., A MEMBER OF THE LE TOUQUET TEAM.

with Major T. M. Langton; Major "Ian Hay" Beith lost to Lord Dunmore by 1 hole; and Mr. George Grossmith scored a win for his side against Mr. A. T. Kemp. The Stage Ladies also provided a team to play the Le Touquet Ladies, and halved with them. Mrs. Cory Wright and Miss Heather Thatcher are members of the Stage side shown in our photographs. Lord Fincastle, who is seen in our snapshot with the Hon. Mrs. Eric Chaplin, is Lord Dunmore's only son.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

Recent Meets and a Coming Wedding.



AT A MEET OF THE ERIDGE: COLONEL MORDAUNT CHATTING TO LADY LINDSAY-HOGG AND HER DAUGHTER, MRS. EDEN WALLACE.



TO MARRY EARL STANHOPE ON APRIL 16:
LADY EILEEN BROWNE.



AT A MEET OF THE AVON VALE: MRS. ERIC LONG, MR. WALTER LONG'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, AND HER LITTLE SON.



THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMDEN AND COL. MORDAUNT:
A SNAP AT AN ERIDGE MEET AT CROWBOROUGH.

Our snapshots of Society at various meets show some interesting personalities. Lady Lindsay-Hogg is the wife of Sir Lindsay Lindsay-Hogg, first Baronet, of Rotherfield Hall, Sussex. Mrs. Eden Wallace is her younger daughter, and is the wife of Mr. Eden George Wallace, 5th Dragoon Guards. Mrs. Eric Long is the wife of Mr. Eric Long, only surviving son of the Right Hon. Walter Long, P.C., and is the

daughter of Mr. T. R. Hague Cook. She was married in 1918, and has one little son. Our photograph was taken at a meet of the Avon Vale, of which Mr. Walter Long is Master. The Marchioness of Camden hunts regularly with the Eridge. Lady Eileen Browne is the eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, and is to marry Earl Stanhope, D.S.O., M.C., on April 16.

Victorious in a Bataille Play: A Famous Actress.



MARTHE IN "LA TENDRESSE": MLLÉ. YVONNE DE BRAY.

Mlle. Yvonne de Bray, one of the best-known comedy actresses of the present day, is having an enormous success in Paris as Marthe, the heroine of "La Tendresse," by Henri Bataille, which was recently produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville. The play is considered one of the finest and most poignant dramatic achievements of the well-

known playwright, and Mlle. Yvonne de Bray plays the rôle of Marthe with rare histrionic power. Our photograph shows her in a beautiful and ultra-modern dress of pale grey adorned with Russian squirrel. It is a Drecoll model, and shows the novel charm of Fashion's latest fancy—the skirt with an uneven hem.—[Photograph by Paul O'Doye.]

The Ethics and Expediency of Bolting.



VOLCANIC BRIDGE: MRS. SHENSTONE (TONIE EDGAR BRUCE); LADY CATHERINE CHAMPION-CHENEY (LOTTIE VENNE); EDWARD LUTON (LEON QUARTERMAINE); CLIVE CHAMPION-CHENEY (E. HOLMAN CLARK); AND LORD PORTEOUS (ALLAN AYNESWORTH).



BREAKING IT TO HER HUSBAND: ELIZABETH (FAY COMPTON) AND ARNOLD CHAMPION-CHENEY, M.P. (ERNEST THESIGER).

"The Circle," Mr. Maugham's comedy at the Haymarket, deals with the ethics and expediency of "bolting." Lord Porteous (Allan Aynesworth) and Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney (Lottie Venne) are "an awful warning" to the next generation—Elizabeth (Fay Compton) and Edward Luton (Leon Quartermaine). Lady



THE "OLD BOLTER" TELLS ELIZABETH NOT TO DO IT: LADY CATHERINE AND ELIZABETH

Catherine tries to persuade Elizabeth not to follow her example, and when Elizabeth tells her husband, Arnold (Ernest Thesiger), that she loves another, he almost succeeds in keeping her at home. But life is a circle, so Elizabeth and Edward do "bolt"—in a car lent them by the Awful Warnings!

Of the North Sea and of Brooksby, Leicestershire.



THE WIFE OF THE FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY: COUNTESS BEATTY.

Countess Beatty is the wife of our most popular sailor—Earl Beatty, of the North Sea, and of Brooksby, Co. Leicestershire, G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., and was, before her marriage, Miss Ethel Marshall Field. She has two sons—Viscount Borodale, born in 1905, who is now a Naval Cadet, and the Hon. Peter Randolph Beatty, who is five years younger. Her famous husband has had one of the most

remarkable careers known to history; as he has achieved the highest naval distinction in peace and war, and is only just fifty years of age. He first saw active service and won the D.S.O. in the Dongola Expedition in 1896; was a Rear-Admiral in 1910, and now holds the premier position in the Senior Service. Incidentally, he is responsible for instituting the Beatty rake in the wearing of a Service cap.

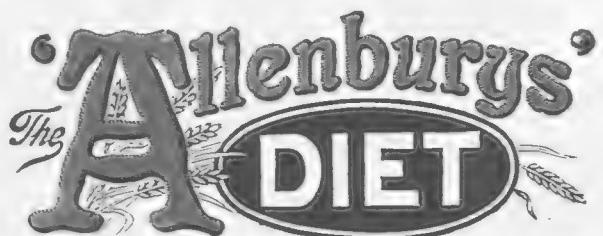
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MADAM: To ensure police protection for my children.

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Other People's Troubles

A Paris Letter

I AM still bewildered. The last of my British friends has just gone home. Paris had become impossible—there were so many foreigners in it. All Englishmen who live here feel a sort of resentment when visitors come. We become unpleasant about it—much more unpleasant than the French, who have the good sense to clear out and leave these strangers to enjoy themselves at Montmartre in the thousand and one resorts that are unknown to the Parisian. Nothing I can write will persuade the army of Englishmen that the Frenchman does not, as a rule, spend all his nights at the Bal Tabarin, or in a dancing restaurant of the Place Pigalle, or in the foyer of the Folies-Bergère. What then is the good of my suggesting that he has been merely moving among his compatriots?

First it was a crowd of girls who descended on me armed with a letter from a friend who ought to know better. They were English, so English, you know. They had low heels and long skirts, and did not mind being shocked—"not a little bit, I assure you: we want to see Paris as it is." What sort of thing did they want to see? Well—everything, but particularly Notre Dame and the Lapin Agile. Who had told them about the Lapin Agile, I wonder? Notre Dame was certainly big enough to hold my party, but the Lapin Agile—have you ever been in the Lapin Agile? It is a broken-down one-storey shanty on the heights of the Butte, with a tiny *salle* containing a few dilapidated stools and orange-boxes, in which a little family of eccentric poets and painters meet to drink a bock and to hear a song. What moral right had I to introduce a tempestuous troop of low heels and long skirts into this harmony?

Then it was an old acquaintance who looked me up to ask my advice about what he could take home to the wife. "Something really Parisian, you understand—you're the very man to suggest something." Now what do men take home to their wives? I told him to look round the Louvre. "The Louvre!" he cried— "but I can't afford to buy a Rembrandt, or a Rubens, or a Degas, or that sort of thing!" Why should I have to explain that there is another Louvre where they sell (I suppose) hats and skirts, and that sort of thing? I believe that eventually, somewhere in the Rue de la Paix, he entered a famous millinery establishment, and casually—*comme ça*—selected three hats. I doubt whether they will ever be worn.

Another party came to me and announced that they did not mean to worry me—they had already made up their minds that the best way of seeing Paris was from the top of a bus. It appears that Gladstone said something to that effect in the seventies—or was it about London? All that they wanted from me was a chosen list of bus routes—those that went under the Arc de Triomphe and through the Bois de Boulogne, that passed the Bal Bullier and the Madeleine, and so forth. They collapsed when I broke to them the sad news that there are no tops of buses in Paris.

They all wondered whether it would be possible to get a pass or something to see M. Clemenceau. M. Clemenceau appears to

be regarded as a sort of public monument. Little did they know of the difficulty I had to catch a glimpse of the great globe-trotter, who is even outdoing Roosevelt, on his return from foreign parts. Does he really say all the funny things attributed to him? The truth is that his best things are not printed. They are too personal, too biting, for publication. He spares nobody, his own family least of all; his political friends must have squirmed.

Naturally, everybody asked what play they really must see. It is a sort of duty to go to a Paris theatre, even though you understand only a quarter of what is said. The Opéra used to be the place *par excellence*, and it still is in spite of all attempts to turn it into a picture palace. So far as that goes, a visit to the theatre is the best way of improving one's French. I once told an American friend so, and he replied: "Why, that's what I am doing. I was at the Casino de Paris last night!" Is there anything so hard as to give advice about the choice of a play? Everything depends upon personal taste. If, however, a poetic spectacle, exquisite verses, and dainty dresses please you, there is nothing in Paris better at this moment than "Arlequin," at the Apollo.

"Arlequin" is a *comédie féérique* in three acts and two dreams. It is written by Maurice Magre, who is certainly one of the prettiest poets of to-day. I am glad he is being given his chance in the theatre. Mlle. Fernande Cabanel deserves praise for her courage in mounting this long poem, and for lending her own grace and histrionic ability to make the piece a success.

Our old friend Arlequin is not a bit old-fashioned. He figures with extraordinary frequency in modern French literature—in books and on the stage.

M. Magre's Arlequin might just as well have been called Don Juan. Don Juan is enjoying a tremendous vogue. There are Don Juans to right of us, Don Juans to left of us, Don Juans all round us. Every playwright who wishes to be in the swim is giving us a new Don Juan. What matter if he should be called Arlequin?



FEATURING HER FROCK AND GARDEN: A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS GINA PALERME.
Miss Gina Palerme, the well-known actress and film star, is featured in the new film, "L'Eternel Feminin," shortly to be produced in London. In our photograph she is shown in her garden on the Riviera, wearing one of the lovely dresses in which she appears in her new picture.

balloon-like panniers. The celebrated painter Jean-Gabriel Domergue had a happy inspiration when he designed this beautiful robe

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



COMING TO TOWN IN "L'ETERNEL FEMININ": MISS GINA PALERME.

He has just as many love intrigues—is a collector of door keys in moonlit Venetian gardens. Of course, under the dominoes there are some lovely gowns. The most wonderful was that of Mlle. Cabanel, widespread and voluminous, of silver cloth, with a flat panel of lace in front between the two



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**MOTOR
DICTA**

LEGISLATION POSTPONED SINE DIE: RACING AT BROOKLANDS. BY GERALD BISS.

LIKE old Caspar sitting in the sun, apparently Little Eric's work is done—so far as automobile legislation is concerned—and I think that by motorists in general it will be frankly admitted that, in the vernacular, he has certainly done his damnedest. Anyhow, according to programme, he goes out of occupation with the end of the summer; and there is to be no motor legislation "for the present," despite the long-dangled bait of that elusive Motor Car Bill, 1921, now postponed *sine die*. Perhaps it may prove as well, after all, under such auspices. The once great Geddes will go down in automobile chronicles as a bold, bad Rehoboam of the railroad type of foresight, finance, and frightfulness. He has forced motormanity to suffer immolation the wrong way round; and his only reward of grim satisfaction is that the first three months of the year have practically raked in the whole of the eight million Brad-Fishes earmarked for execution from them.



THE CAR WHICH CAN BE DRIVEN BY A CHAUFFEUR 800 MILES AWAY: THE WIRELESS - CONTROLLED AUTO AND ITS INVENTOR, MR. E. F. GLAVIN.

The latest American invention is a car driven by wireless. It was exhibited recently at the Convention and Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Hotel. The driving power is furnished by an electric motor, directed by a radio outfit. The controlling outfit can direct the car from a distance of 800 miles.

Photograph by Wide World Photos.

their position. Such owners have frankly outside market, regardless of home industries, a non-progressive, old-type engine, and any such rebate would only be encouraging unadulterated selfishness in human nature, and the holding up at the same time of the clock in automobile development. Folk have ever to pay for peccadilloes and parsimonies alike sooner or later, in this world of inevitability; and here is a distinct case of being caught and badly bumped upon the rebound. Further, to such a huge proportion of his principal payers he could not hope to be generous without the bottom dropping bang out of his whole scheme. However, he might be just, if not generous, and yield upon the point of dual or alternative licenses, and allow the same owner, upon a scheme of logical economy, to run a large and a small car, one at a time, upon the same ticket, if only for the sake of the sales departments of our stagnant automobilious industry. Anyhow, Little Eric seems to have saddled his successor in motor legislation with the satisfactory *obiter dictum* that it would cost too much, and give too much blooming trouble, to worry about examinations for driving licenses.

"Chitti-Chitti" to a very full house, not merely for the Bangs Some. time of year, but a record attendance in the history of the track. In fact, Colonel Lindsay Lloyd frankly confesses that it so far exceeded all expectations that it proved too big for his organisation, which will be thoroughly overhauled and enlarged before the next meeting. The result was not only considerable delay in getting in, but a regular plum-and-apple jam in the public car enclosure, and cars had eventually to be diverted to the members', on the other side of the track.

For once the public must be generous and forgiving, and congratulate Brooklands upon showing signs of really coming into its own after so many disappointments. If that Five-Hundred-Mile International Grand Prix comes off, we shall indeed see things! The big bump on the banking has been successfully flattened out, and the racing went off splendidly without a hitch—not only good finishes, but the big 'uns coming through and winning at big speeds. "Chitti-Chitti-Bang-Bang" banged no small quantity in the hands of Count Zborowski, who rejoices in quite the record motor stud of the moment down in Kent, where, if he has not exactly a stud-farm, he has at least a young factory on his own. With its 600-h.p. Maybach engine with its 23,000 c.c. in a "Merc" chassis, this chastened and converted Hun made a regular Zepp raid upon the track, and blithely pouched a couple of races at over 100 m.p.h. from a standing start, only being defeated in the sprint by its stable companion by the narrowest of margins, after having had its handicap put back as the penalty of success. Altogether, "Chitti" was a most successful débutante.

Lizzie's Crocodile Tears.

Frankly, however, I do not think any but Ford owners, who apparently represent forty per cent. of the private cars upon the road at £23 a time will resent Little Eric's refusal to reconsider

bought in the cheapest scintillating Sunbeams. Sunbeams of six, eight, and twelve cylinders scintillated satisfactorily, though the twelve once more showed itself recalcitrant at getting off, and developed gear trouble; but Lee Guinness, who was driving in place of the much-boosted René Thomas, was not to be done and got a push start after his first and second had been done in, and proceeded to do a giddy couple of laps at over 120 m.p.h., official timing, much to the delight of the spectators. The six-cylinder driven by Boillot, won the fastest race of the day at 105 m.p.h. while the "straight-eight" Grand Prix model made a promising debut in the Three-Litre, driven by Segrave, and lapping at over 100 m.p.h. It won by any old distance, hands down, and averaged 94½ m.p.h.—an excellent performance for the first of an experimental model. Altogether, a most successful meeting pregnant of much promise, and full coffers, during the 1921 season.



GIVING A TRAVELOGUE AT THE PHILHARMONIC HALL: CAPTAIN SIR ROSS SMITH, K.B.E., M.C., ETC.

Captain Sir Ross Smith, K.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., is now giving one of the most interesting traveologues which London has ever heard, at the Philharmonic Hall. It is entitled "Across the World by Air," and is an illustrated account of his wonderful flight to Australia.



HOW THE BOAT-RACE NEWS WAS SENT OUT: THE WIRELESS MOTOR-LAUNCH "MARCHESA."

Our photograph shows the wireless motor-launch "Marchesa," which sent out the news of the race to the operators at Duke's Meadows. When the story of the great struggle had been received, it was repeated to the crowd by megaphone.—[Photographs by S. and G.]



One of the most talked of Necklets at Cannes

turns out after weeks of
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Thus writes a well-known Riviera
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Our Booklet No. 5 contains designs of all new jewels (sent post free).

Through a Glass Lightly



SPRING is not a Season ; it's a seasoning.

Said the Cambridge man : " Life isn't as bad as it seems." Said the Oxford man : " No ; only half as bad."

The archdeacon was conducting a confirmation service. One of the candidates, who was a prematurely bald gentleman, was bending before the conductor of the service to receive the necessary benediction. But the absent-minded archdeacon, who had been spending Easter at various kinds of functions of a different nature, forgot himself momentarily, and as he placed his palm on the hairless pate, said : " I now declare this stone well and truly laid." (Sensation !)

In the " ring," a boxer's prancing slightly turns to thoughts of " shove."

One of the most celebrated West-End clubs possesses a hall porter who is the acme of discretion. Whenever anyone calls for a member on the telephone, that porter will never answer in the affirmative until he knows the mood and intention of the member. But once, recently, he made the only *faux pas* in his career. He walked into the one room in the club which is sacred to the members and to them alone. He approached one very popular member whose ex-club life was a mystery, and who had "dropped in," but had become moored to the spot. In a loud whisper, the hall porter announced : " The gentleman you left in the taxi outside says ' Very sorry, but she can't wait any longer ! ' "

A true sense of good behaviour is revealed only when the opportunity is presented for the exhibition of bad behaviour.

An apparently opulent, and evidently alien, gentleman, whose very bearing and dress proclaimed him as bound for one particular station, entered an Underground Railway train, accompanied by a small son—more obviously of the persuasion than father, if possible. Father and son—on one ticket—occupied separate seats. But at the next station there entered a boisterous man who, finding the carriage fully occupied, suggested that he should take the seat of the youth. The youth insolently objected. There was a slight scuffle, which ended in the stripling finding himself crouching in a corner until the train reached Aldgate East. There, father and son got



THE DARK BLUES' GOLFING VICTORY: THE OXFORD TEAM WHO DEFEATED CAMBRIDGE AT HOYLAKE.

Oxford defeated Cambridge in the University Match at Hoylake last week by 4 points to 1, in the Foursomes, and 8 to 2 in the Singles on the second day. Our photograph of the Dark Blue Team shows, reading from left to right (standing) : Mr. A. L. C. Aked; Mr. D. G. Cochran; Mr. J. D. Cave; Mr. G. P. Pakenham-Walsh; Mr. A. H. S. Vivian; Mr. J. S. Thomas. (Seated) Mr. H. S. Malin; Mr. R. H. Wethered; Mr. C. J. H. Tolley; and Mr. G. R. Mellor.—[Photo, S. and G.]

out. Once in the open air, the youngster turned to father and said : " Fadder, you seen how cruel that man treated me ? Tell me, fadder, will anything happen to that man in the next world for so cruelly pushing me about ? " And the proud father replied that God would punish the man for treating a child in that manner. But

the youngster said : " But, fadder, God has punished him already." The father, amazed at the child's air of precocious prophecy, said : " Vot you mean, child, that God has punished him already ? " And from the brat came naïvely : " Vy, fadder, I've got his votch."

An oldish sort of man, who went for a short holiday in Wales, visited the village churchyard, and was surprised to find that nearly all the tombstones recorded the deaths of centenarians. He returned



DEFEATED BY THE DARK BLUES AT HOYLAKE:
THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF TEAM.

Our photograph shows the Cambridge Golf Team, who were defeated by Oxford at Hoylake, after a display of fine golf from both sides, the sensational match of the Singles being the struggle between Mr. R. H. Wethered and Mr. J. Walker. The names, from left to right, read (standing) : Mr. J. S. White; Mr. H. E. Le Bas; Mr. J. H. Douglas; Mr. R. W. Little; Mr. J. Longbourne; Mr. A. K. Goadby. (Sitting) Mr. J. A. Bott; Mr. J. Walker; Mr. G. N. P. Humphries; and Mr. C. H. Prowse.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

to his hostelry pleased with the prospect of making that village his permanent home, for it was evidently the dwelling-place of thoroughly long-lived people. Musing upon the memory of the last two stones he had seen, he said to mine host : " Yes, this is a great part of the world to live long in. Why, out of the many people buried here, I noticed one was 137 and another 141 years of age." The landlord answered : " Ay, it's funny isn't it, to a stranger ? But the trewth is that we've got a bit of a wag here, in the village. 'E's the stone-mason, and he cuts out a figure 'one' before all the ages."

A good little lad of South Tottenham
Never slacked, or irked "peelers" by "rotting 'em."
Facing work with a smile
He soon built up his pile.
Now he hunts with the Quorn and the Cottenham.

Perverted phrase for those about to marry in haste : " Putting the heart before the course."

" How often," asked the pale youth of the red-faced bachelor, " how often can a man fall in love ? " The pristine Don Juan replied : " A man can fall in love but once ; he may fall in love twice ; but he will fall in love—well, who knows how often ! "

A Scot, hurrying across a Glasgow Street, dropped a sixpenny piece. True to the traditions (right or otherwise) of his great race, he turned and rushed back in the direction whence came the sound of silver tinkling on the cobbles. He saw his dropped coin and, bending, was about to capture it, when a lumbering lorry crossed his path, knocked him over, and killed him.—At the inquest, the jury returned a verdict of " Death from natural causes ! "

A man who is " well read " may be not " much read " ; yet a woman who is " much read " is invariably not " well read."

The woman who thinks she is clever is merely ordinary. The woman who successfully pretends to be ordinary is clever. Watch her.

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the Railway Carriage
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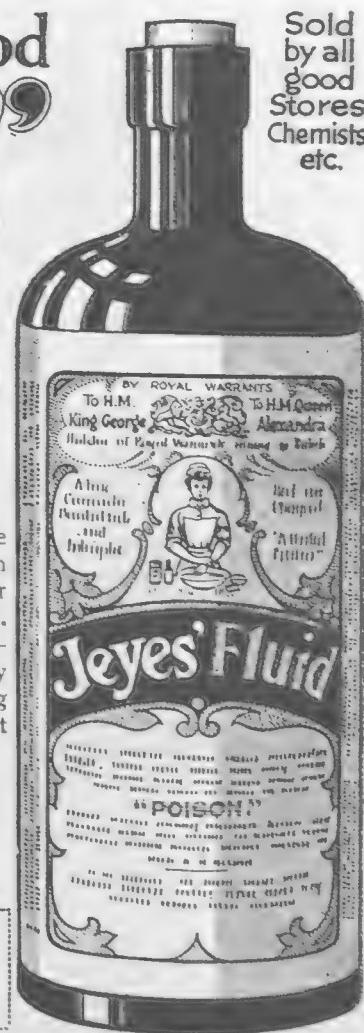
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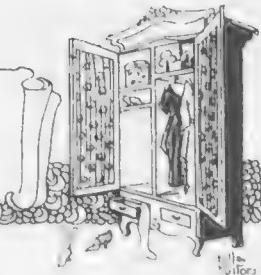




VOGUES &

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE

VANITIES

Do Not
Hide Them.

There are times, there really are, when one feels inclined to parody—was it Mark Antony's funeral oration on Julius Caesar?—and say:

"If you have nice undies, prepare to show them now!" Now that is not, as the casual reader might at first think, a flippant invitation to women to disclose secrets. As a matter of fact, when you come to think it over quietly, there is precious little that the modern dress hides.

If it is not ingeniously transparent as regards material, why then its portion in life is so brief that there's very little it will cover, so it cuts both ways, so to speak. Anyhow, to return to the invitation, it really does seem almost criminal that when Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, do take the trouble to provide lovely underneaths like the ones Ella Fulton has sketched on this page there should be found people ready to allow them to waste their sweetness under the thick frock and all-hiding blouse—if such can be found. To do it involves, too, the risk of being suspected of being an upholder of the virtues of the once modish long-cloth or "Jap" silk, and very few women would care to risk anything of the kind!



The newest bug and a pair of gloves with fringed gauntlets. The gloves wash.

Some Particulars.

To come down to details, that attractive "undie" toilette on this page illustrates the newest thing in the underworld of dress. Beehive Shetland wool, light, fine, and altogether delightful, is the material used; and as the set is hand-knit, those unfortunate sensitive folk who "just can't exist" in machine-made garments need not do violence to their feelings when wearing them. Lace wool is used for the most attractive little coats destined to take the place of the ordinary sports coat, when the weather is warm. One can get them with coloured edges, and the hem and sleeves are bordered with a delicate lace pattern—altogether the kind of thing that turns the parting with a sports coat into the sweetest kind of sorrow.

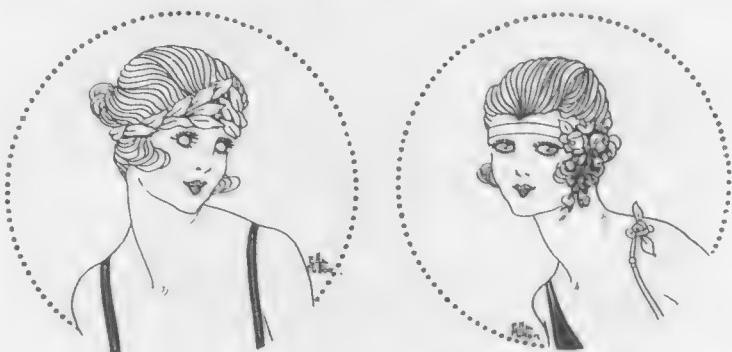
Sunshade
Jottings.

With the coming of sun that does have a tinge of warmth about it, sunshades have reared themselves aloft in shop windows, if not in the streets. Don't you go thinking that a sunshade is merely something to hold between your complexion and the kisses of the sun. It is much more than that. It is a street decoration, a sign of the wearer's independence of thought, a bright spot in this dull world—in fact, quite a number of other things besides a complexion-protector. The one shown is of cretonne. Lots of smart parasols are of cretonne; it suggests a striving after economy, which is, of course, a desirable thing to do, and, incidentally, provides the man with ideas about parasols with all kinds of exciting materials in which to express them. The one illustrated has a ringed pattern on a pale biscuit-coloured surface; and at least half-a-dozen colours, each



Brilliantly striped and of cretonne, that's the newest parasol.

more vivid than the last, are used. The frame opens flat, like a Japanese umbrella, for no particular reason except that the designer felt like it; and I'll guarantee that the owner of this model, or another



Here you see the modish coronet of large laurel-leaves in coloured velvet.

A head-dress can take many forms. This one shows coloured flowers hanging from a gold band.

something like, runs no risk of passing unnoticed in a crowd. You need not necessarily restrict yourself to cretonne. It is, after all, merely a matter of £ s. d. Printed tussore parasols are both as gay and as new as cretonne ones, and so are the "jazz" silk and satin affairs that the mode has decided to launch on a world that loves colour, and apparently means to have it. Some sunshades have a double cover, or rather the cover is, as it were, in two sections, the second one forming a sort of ruff all round the edge; but the cretonne ones are, frankly, the newest thing.

What's in
a Stocking?

Of crépe-de-Chine? Dear Madam or Sir, you are behind the times. These are of finest Shetland.

shade. As an alternative, what about purple lines breaking out against a banana-coloured background? And even if the hairy variety does not appeal to you, that's no reason why you should content yourself with plain grey cashmere. A smooth surface is no bar to colour, as you will very soon learn by visiting Harvey Nichols in person. You can, if you wish, get purple and yellow cubes set against a grey background, in one and the same stocking.



As nice a pair of stockings as ever peeped from beneath a skirt.



For Smart Town Wear

this Spring's fashion is for materials which can be distinguished as really genuine

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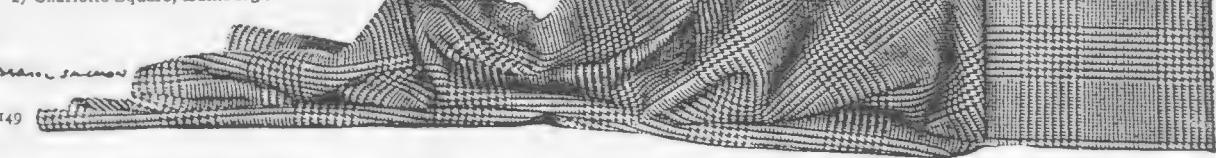
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CORSELET (as sketch) made of Irish crochet lace and insertion, lined with fine net finished ribbon shoulder straps.

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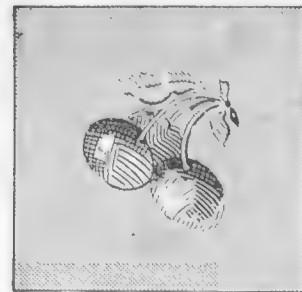
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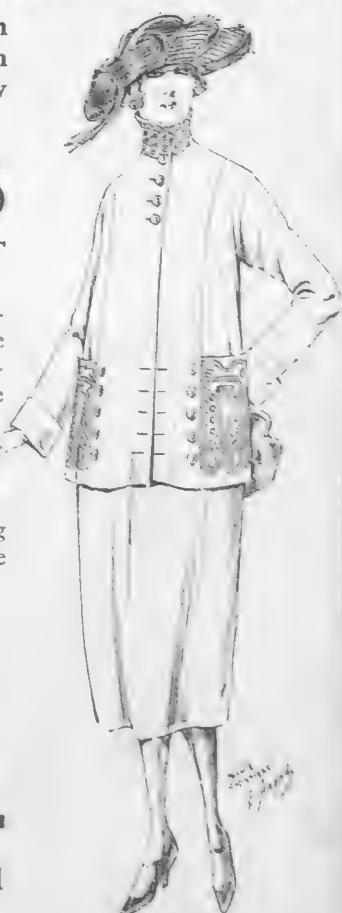
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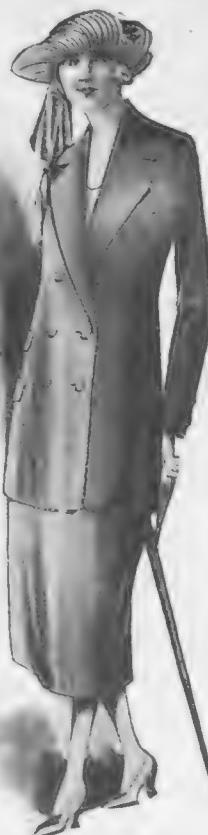
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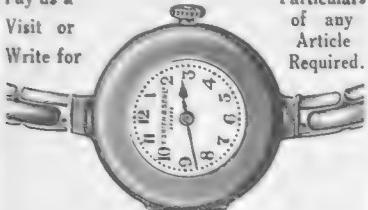
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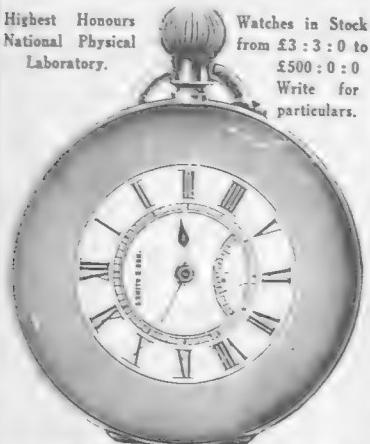
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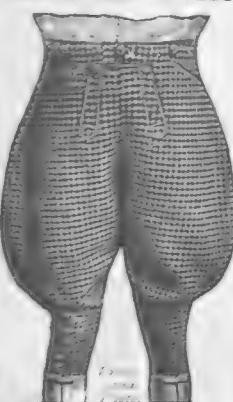
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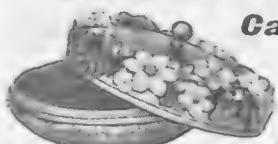
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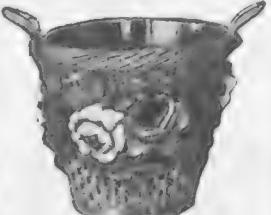


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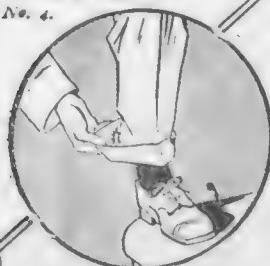
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No. 4.



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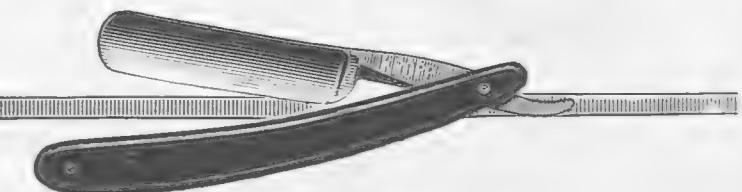
there is a simple remedy—Send your Suit to Castlebank, and while it is being Franco-Barbe Cleaned, Dyed or Sponged and Tailor Pressed ask for this defect—which does spoil the appearance of trousers—to be

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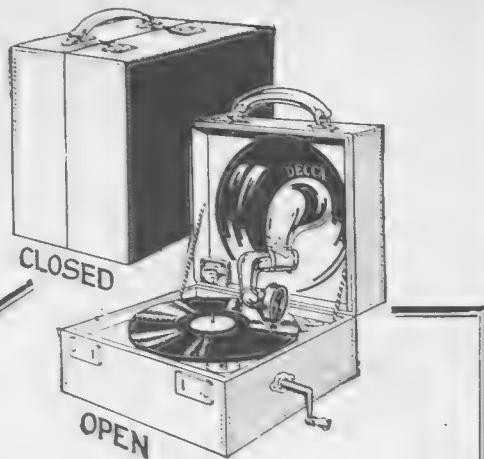
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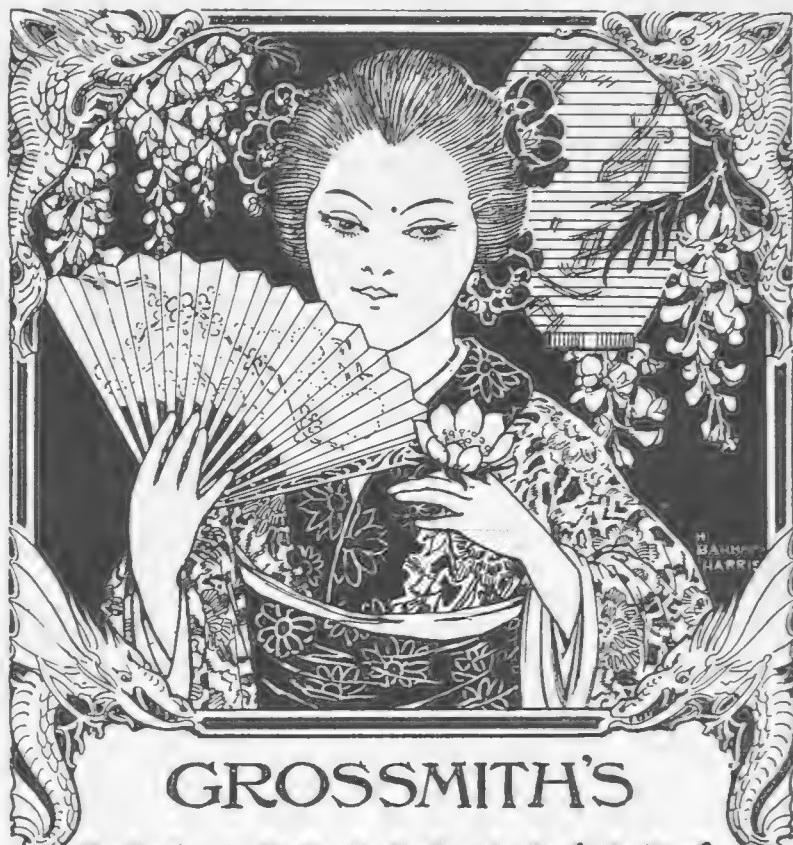
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Newgate Street,
LONDON.

AN AWKWARD CORNER.—[Continued from page 21.]

It had been received too late for transmission the previous night at Ordely post office, and was marked as having been collected from the letter-box.

"Clever idea, isn't it?" the mocking voice continued. "I think it will put a spoke in the wheel of your little love affair."

Still Rawdon said nothing, and this enraged her more.

"Look here!" she said, "for two pins I'd pull the communication cord, and swear you had attacked me. That and the telegram together would about finish you."

She had her hand on the cord as she spoke, but Rawdon preserved unbroken silence. A certain amount of uneasiness tinged her furious defiance, especially as she noticed that he was looking at her open case, inside which was a bag with the initials D.D. on it. Supposing he recognised that it was Dulcie's—the bag "lost" on the way down to Ordely!

She tried to laugh derisively, but her voice shook a little as she said, "You see, you're in a very tight corner. But I don't want to be hard on you now I've taught you a lesson. You shall have the telegram and we'll cry quits if you hand over—well, say—ten pounds. And you may consider yourself lucky to get off so cheaply."

"I'll think about it," said Rawdon at last. She was holding the telegram in one hand and the cord with the other; it was a fatiguing position, but as they reached the environs of the next stop she won the match.

Rawdon took out his pocket-book, selected a ten-pound note, folded it deliberately, and held it towards her.

"I thought you'd climb down," she said, as, holding out the telegram at arm's-length, she snatched the note.

He tore the pink form into minute fragments, and scattered them from the window as she dropped the note into her case, and she was turning the key on it as they ran into the station.

Rawdon, leaning out, signalled a guard, who jumped on to the step as the train slowed down.

"This lady has just picked my pocket," Rawdon said. "I was dozing and she took a ten-pound note."

Ada's face flamed. "How dare you!" she exclaimed—"let me get out, please."

"I shall have to give her in charge unless she hands it back," Rawdon went on. "I woke up just when she was putting it into her case. You'll find it there."

"Awkward affair!" remarked the guard. "I think I'd better fetch a constable, Sir."

"No need," answered Rawdon. "If the lady has a ten-pound note, and shows it to you, I can prove it's mine."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind, Miss," began the guard, and Ada, seeing a way out, opened her case.

"This man's a thief or a lunatic," she said. "He saw me take the note from my purse and put it in here. It's a try-on."

As she showed the note, and the guard opened it out, Rawdon opened his hand.

One corner of the note was missing. He held it up between his fingers.

THE END.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TO-MORROW (Thursday, April 7) night's fancy-dress ball at the London Country Club promises to be a splendid entertainment, and the Hendon Cottage Hospital is sure to benefit considerably by this effort on its behalf. The latest news goes to prove that, although the Club ball-room is the largest in London, it will be well filled. Plenty of theatrical well-knowns are to be there, including Miss Phyllis Monkman, Miss Violet Lorraine, Mr. Leslie Henson and his wife, Miss Madge Saunders. There will be a limelight carnival, prizes for the best costumes, and the chance of winning a valuable pearl necklace; and it will be easy to get to the ball, as Club cars will run to and from Golders Green throughout the night.

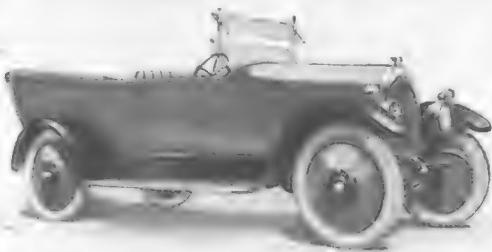
On Good Friday I picked in a Surrey wood quantities of primroses, wild hyacinths, anemones, and violets, both blue and white. It was sunny, warm and genial; cock-pheasants were clucking to their ladies, and two madly excited fox-terriers were out after bunnies, all on their own, arranging their hunt with some amount of skill, since one watched while the other bolted the quarry. The mistake they made was in giving yells of excitement when bunny showed up. These brought a keeper down on the hunters. He raised his gun to shoot. I implored him not to. No use—came the report, and then yells in quite another key—real, heart-breaking cries. "Now you've killed one of those poor little dogs," said I reproachfully. "Reckon not, Miss," says the keeper; "ain't nothin' but noise—no shot in her. But they won't 'unt 'ere again this while, I'll bet yer, disturbin' of our birds." I had had a lesson in contrasting yells and in keepers' methods.

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and supple Box Calf



ADAMS

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Our Soldier Prince.

Prince Henry came of age last week, and if their Majesties had four daughters, three of them of marriageable age, the world and his wife—particularly the latter—would expect some of them to get settled, as the saying is, albeit experience sometimes proves it unsettled. Men are different, and the King's sons show no disposition to range themselves, and are all doing excellent work for the country as bachelors. Prince Henry is the tallest of our young Princes, and is a real good horseman, an excellent shot, and a great favourite with all who know him. He is in the Rifle Brigade, but for some time has been attached to the 13th Hussars, for which regiment he plays polo, and promises well at the game. He has chosen his profession, and really loves it; those who are fit to judge say he will do very well in the Army. No doubt he will soon be a Royal Duke now.

A Toast at Seventy.

Why allow good looks to go? No woman wants to let them, yet women do because they have not realised that they can keep them. The way is by exercising the facial muscles and those of the neck and chest in the right way. Aids to the skin are well, but health to it is infinitely better. Mme. Elizabeth Eve can teach any woman to restore her face, neck, and chest to normal health and beauty, and keep it so. It must have been some such knowledge that Ninon de Lenclos had, who was a toast at seventy. Scientific exercising of the muscles alone restores them to the full measure of their purpose, which is to hold the face smooth and firm and wrinkleless. Mme. Eve, 55, Berners Street, W.1., for three-and-a-half guineas will send a course of instructions for exercises, lasting over three weeks, which have a wonderful and delightful effect in restoring good looks.

Worse Than Dead.

Women lovers of abbreviated skirts had only that love to keep their legs warm when they promenaded in almost transparent silk stockings last week, what time the frigid wind played round them. Somewhere I read that my sex refuses to be trammelled, and will continue the short skirt. But the short skirt which looked so shivery during the holidays is far more restrictive of free movement than a skirt that just clears the ankles, which

is now the mark of the newest mode. The reintroduction of the skirt which could anywhere reach the ground nearer than four inches is undreamt of. Insanitary, inconvenient, and unbecoming, it is gone for ever. At the same time, ere this year grows old, the skirt almost to the knees, and tight beneath them, will be worse than dead, for it will have been labelled bad style.

Daintiness and Good Taste.

In view of the genial days due to us we welcome eagerly beautiful, dainty, and inexpensive cotton frocks, of which there is a wide choice at Barri's, 31, Baker Street, Portman Square. Mme. Barri has not changed her salons, but the street has had itself renumbered. These frocks have the cachet of daintiness and good taste for which this house is famous. One is in coral-pink cotton georgette, with a graceful, effective embroidery at waist, sleeves, and neck of milk-white beads. Another is organdie, with little zigzag insertions of crochet braid and drawn work. Again, a lemon-yellow voile suggests a summer day. It is beautifully shaped with accordion-pleated back, and the prettiest and most becoming of chiton and lace collars. Most attractive is a white organdie frock with a big check in soft pale-blue, an embroidered motif in the centre of each check, and a dear, dainty collar of silk muslin embroidered. There is a splendidly wide choice of these fascinating frocks, and there are also most delightful garden hats, becoming, styleful, and very much up-to-date, at prices also charming to purchasers. A visit to Barri's is always interesting; it is being found more than usually so just now, for this display of cotton frocks, and hats to go with them, is really delightful.

Loud and Frequent.

The miners are the most striking section of modern society. They are such nice folk, too, and take their pleasures by no means sadly. Some Scotch miners of my acquaintance love three things: a good football match, a smart racing whippet, and wrestling or boxing. There are, of course, accompaniments to these joys, of which my mining friends say nothing. Mrs. Miners know all about them, though, as about the money they absorb. The older men among the coal-workers are very different, and the older women have a far better time than the wives of the young men. What makes the miner such a striking personality is that although he works at the bottom he knows he is top dog, in that the world cannot do without him. If the day ever arrived when other fuel than coal came into general use he would be as badly off as dressmakers would be in the primeval forests of Africa. Until that day his strikes will be loud and frequent.



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- A Letter from Leicestershire.
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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

ECONOMY ?

A FORTNIGHT ago we had something to say on the subject of the hours worked by Civil servants in most of the Government offices at a time when every energy should be applied to the hard task of reconstruction. Now we find Mr. Baldwin—a candidate, by the way, for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer—defending a vote for a supplementary war bonus of £800,000 to Civil servants. It seems almost inconceivable that the Government have so soon forgotten the lesson of the Dover by-election, that they dare so to flaunt their own impotence to resist departmental pressure, and the impotence of the House of Commons to resist Government pressure. Nobody wishes the Civil Service to be run with sweated labour; but no case was made out, and none can be, for an increase in bonus at a time when the cost of living is rapidly declining, and when nearly every taxpayer is suffering from a reduction of income and an almost insupportable burden of taxation.

MONEY.

The strength of War Loan, to which we referred last week, has again been a feature of the markets, and it is generally felt that a reduction in the Bank Rate cannot be delayed much beyond the middle of the month. We certainly hope that it will be so. The reduction is long overdue, in our opinion, since it can have no evil effects under present conditions, and will do much to help the harassed trader. Later on, we presume, the Treasury will try the experiment of reducing the Treasury Bill rate another half per cent. "Yearling" Treasury Bills look an exceedingly attractive purchase, and have the additional advantage of being a very liquid investment.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"By degrees I do believe that trade is coming round and that we're already seeing things better."

"Only our eyes have grown so dim with the dulness of drab markets that we can't see the improvement taking place around us."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed The Jobber, "you don't mean to say that any of us are getting hopeful? Oh, my dear young friends, let me implore you not to wax so desperate in your——"

"Don't be an idiot," was all the change he got. "And wipe the egg off your waistcoat."

"That's paint," The Jobber indignantly retorted. "I had my office done up at Easter, and it isn't dry yet."

"Done up?" said The Broker. "Where did you get the money from? There's no E.P.D. this year."

The others laughed.

"Well," went on our candid friend, "I reckon the Inland Revenue paid eighty per cent. of my decorations for at least two years, if not more. And I never quarrelled with the contractor. He could charge what he jolly well liked. Didn't matter to me."

"You're not the only one," remarked The Engineer quietly.

"Pooh! I should think not," added The Merchant. "Why, look at the way some of the big companies flung about their money in alterations and rebuilding and extensions, and all that sort of thing."

"You make me regretful," said The City Editor reflectively.

"Who bought furs for his wife and gave her a first-class season ticket and stuck it down to——"

"In some ways," interrupted The City Editor hastily, "the Excess Profits Duty will not depart unregretted by those whose sense of common morality——"

"Well, talking about this Oil Market," said The Merchant inconsequently, "I must admit that I haven't lost my faith in Mexican Eagles, or Shells, either."

"The public have had something of a jar to their Oil nerves—that's the worst of it," The Broker considered. "The Eagle affair has rattled us rather badly—you can't get away from that."

"A week's professional strength would wipe out most of the unpleasant feeling that still remains. You needn't worry about the Oil Market. And if you do happen to feel a bull of yourself at any time——"

"Hark at him!" cried The City Editor scornfully.

"You can buy a few Trinidad Leascholds or British Borneo Petroleum without doing yourself any great harm."

"We want good dividends these days," observed The Merchant. "Speculation is like a cheap cigarette—all very well for odd times, but no use when it comes to facing the serious affairs of life."

"The year I rowed Number Four in the Oxford boat——"

Mild sensation.

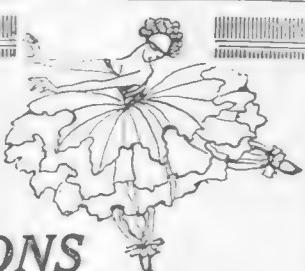
"I always wondered why the boat sank in 1844," said The Jobber, *sotto voce*.

"What I looked forward to more than anything else," continued The Broker, "was the first cigarette after the Race. By Jove, how good it was! And it was a good cigarette, too."

"I'd as soon have Imperial Tobaccos or Bats as anything else in the Miscellaneous Market to-day," declared The Merchant. "They are both in a top-hole position financially. I like Imps the better of the two."

[Continued overleaf.]

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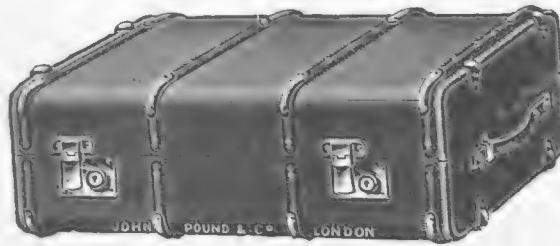
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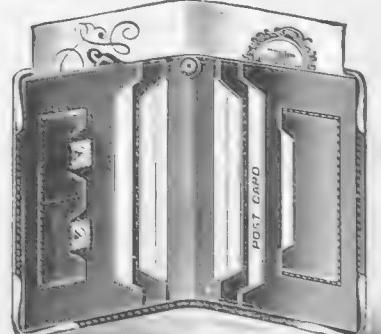
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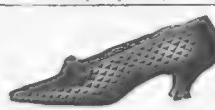
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He got his laugh.

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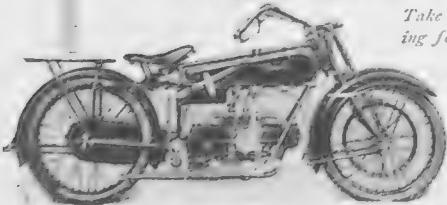
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* * * * *

Too much importance should not be attached to reports of improvement in the American tyre industry, much as we should like to see it. Our advices from that country show little alteration in the position.

Friday, April 1, 1921.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City-Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2, and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

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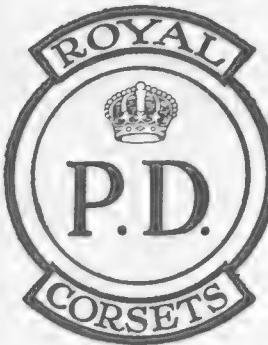
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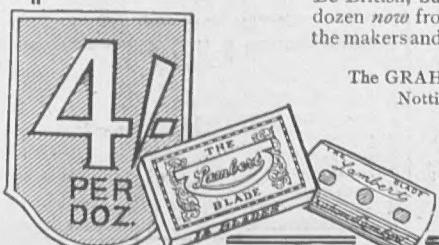
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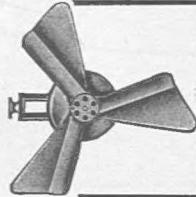
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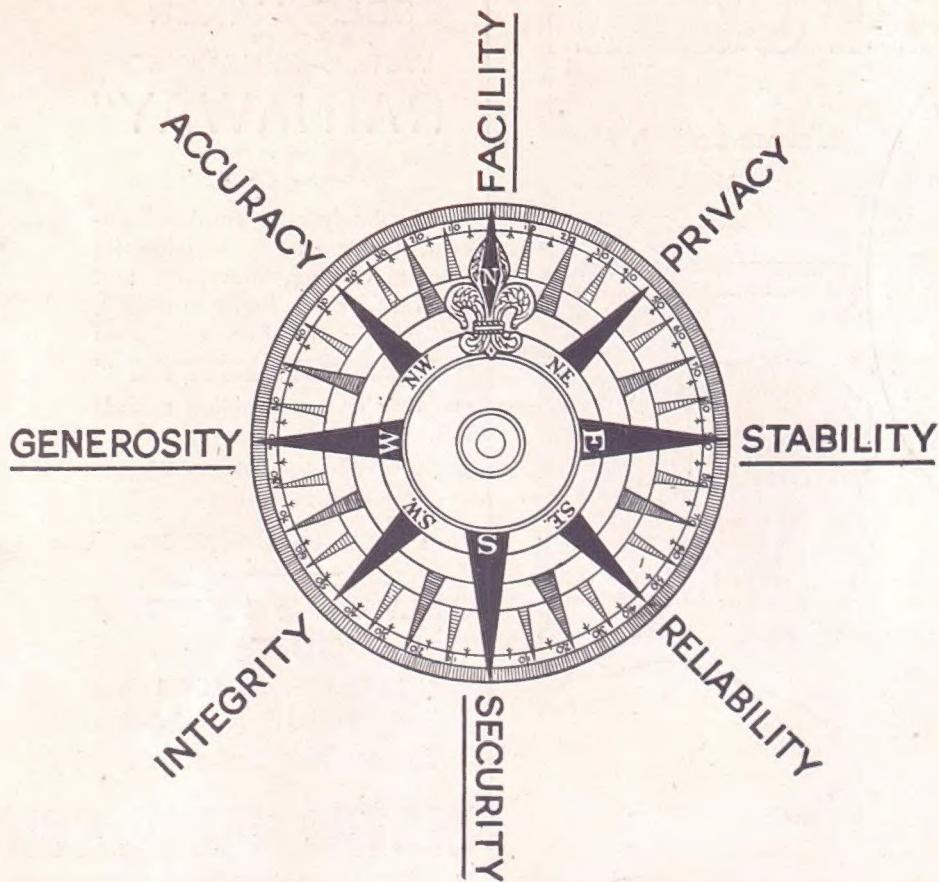
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